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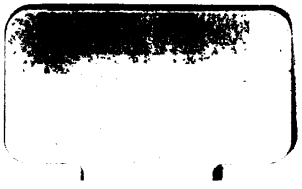

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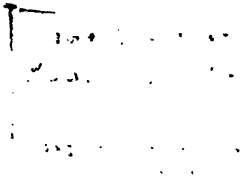

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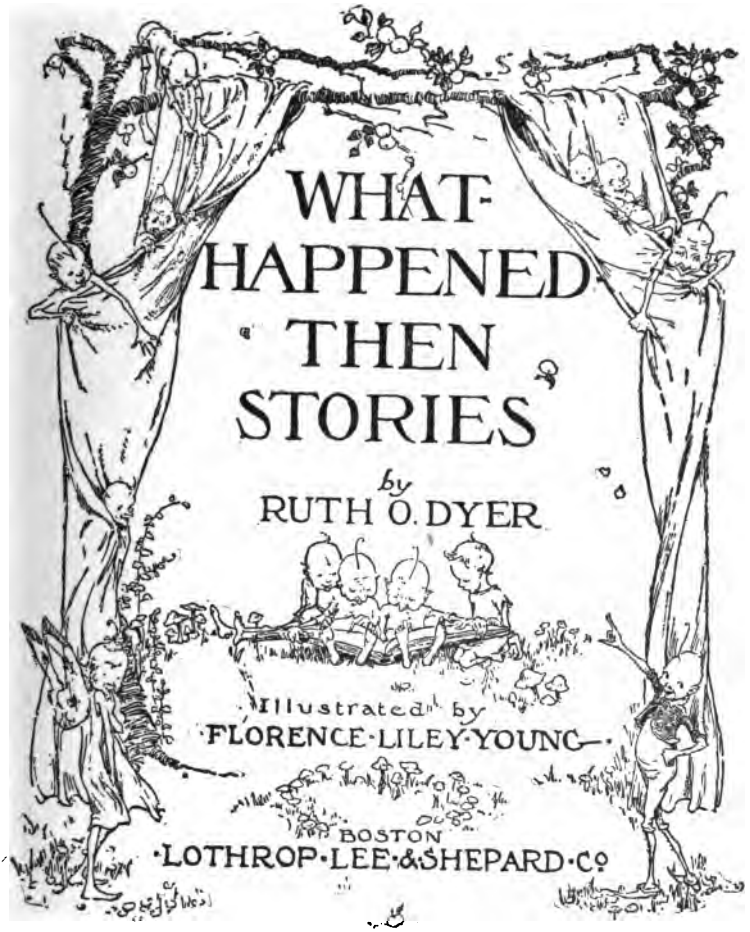
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Illustrated by
FLORENCE LILEY YOUNG
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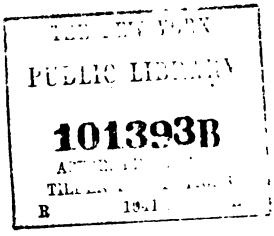

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What-Happened-Then Stories

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Dedicated to my
MOTHER
from whom I heard my
first stories

Introduction

EVER since there have been stories to tell and little children to listen to them, there has always been the question: "And what happened then?"

The tales selected for this book are among the oldest and best-loved among the child classics. The endings of some of these stories in their original form leave a painful sense of loss in the child's mind. Others end leaving wrongs unrighted, still others end before the child is quite satisfied with the merry tale, and the sayings and doings of its characters.

These three conditions gave rise to the second part of all these stories.

INTRODUCTION

That all the little children who read and hear them may be able to say that these stories have turned out just right is the sincere wish of

RUTH O. DYER.

Conditions Under Which Children May Read This Book

Do you like the old, old stories
Of fairies, elves, and such,
Of kings, of pomp and glories,
Do you like them very much?

Do you believe in fairy-land
Where elves and pixies dwell,
Where wonder-deeds are wrought by hand,
And things turn out so well?

If of these things you're certain,
Why, then, my little friend,
You may draw aside the curtain
And see What Happened Then.

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What-Happened-Then Stories

I

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

What Had Already Happened

MANY, many years ago, in a country far away, there was a beautiful little village called Hamelin.

You could scarcely imagine a prettier town than this. Its streets were lined on either side by beautiful shade-trees; the houses were tastefully built and the gardens well planned, and, best of all, beautiful children played on almost every lawn.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

On one side of the town of Hamelin was a large river and on another side, a lofty mountain which reflected the sunsets.

If it had not been for one thing, this might have been one of the happiest spots on earth. But there were so many rats in this beautiful village that the people began to think that they would have to move out and let the rats have the town to themselves.

You will be surprised when you hear of the many things those rats did.

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

Of course all this was very provoking in-

deed, and at last the mayor and his council met to see if they could find some way to get rid of the rats. They talked and argued for an hour, but they could not come to any decision. They had almost decided to go home when they heard a gentle tap on the door.

"What is that?" cried the mayor.

"I think it was some one scraping his shoes on the mat," answered one of the councilmen.

"'Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'"

said the mayor.

Then the knocking was heard again.

"Come in," cried the mayor.

"And in did come the strangest figure,
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red.
And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin.
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in."

The mayor and his council looked up in surprise, for they had never before seen any one quite so quaint. The newcomer walked right up to the table at which the mayor sat and said:

"Please your honor, I am able, by means of a secret charm which I possess, to draw after me all things that creep, swim, fly, or run. I use this charm chiefly on creatures that do people harm. People call me the Pied Piper because I dress in many colors and play upon this pipe."

As he spoke, his fingers lingered on his pipe which was tied to a red and yellow scarf, thrown loosely around his neck.

The mayor and his council stared in sur-

prise, for already they were beginning to believe that the Pied Piper really possessed a charm. When the piper saw that they hesitated, he said:

"I am only a poor piper, it is true, but I have freed many countries from insects and I can rid your town of rats. All I ask is that when the rats are all gone you shall give me a thousand guilders." This would be about the same as four hundred dollars.

"Why, we will give you fifty times as much money as that," cried the astonished mayor.

"Enough," said the Pied Piper, and he stepped into the street and began playing his pipe. Before he had played three notes,

"Out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives."

Perhaps you are wondering why they followed him. Of course you know that it was a charmed pipe on which the piper played, and while the mayor and his council and all the other people of the village, who flocked to their doors to listen, heard only sweet music from it, the rats heard something much more wonderful. They heard sounds of ripe apples being ground in a cider-press; they heard the hoops breaking from butter-tubs. In fact the music made them see all the things which rats love to eat, and they heard voices in the music which said, "This is a day in which all rats should rejoice. Come, eat all you wish. Get your breakfast, supper, dinner, and luncheon. There is a plenty and some to spare."

You can imagine that this was good news to a crowd of hungry rats.

But the piper led them to the river and they never came back to bother the people of Hamelin again.

"You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
'Go,' cried the mayor, 'and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!'"

"My money first, if you please," said the piper who had returned.

"Oh," said the mayor, with a knowing wink at his friends, "that was such an easy thing for you to do. We saw the rats drown in the river, and they cannot come to life again. We will give you fifty guilders, but we cannot give a thousand."

The piper looked down as he said in a

calm, quiet tone, "I will not have any trifling. I can't wait. I have promised to be somewhere else by dinner-time. I will not take less than you promised.

"'And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'"

But the mayor only laughed and said:

"'You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!'"

Once more the Pied Piper stepped into the street. He put his pipe to his lips and began to play. Before he had played three notes,

"Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

The mayor and his council stood as if turned to stone. They saw him go straight toward the river.

"Oh, he will drown our children just as he did the rats!" they cried.

But the Pied Piper turned and went towards the mountain which reflected the sunsets, and the children followed him on and on.

Perhaps you are wondering why they followed him. Why, just because the charmed pipe played charmed music and told the children many wonderful things. It told them about

"——— a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings."

Oh, it was, indeed, a beautiful land which they heard of in the Pied Piper's music.

"He cannot cross the mountain," said the people. "He will stop when he comes to its rugged side."

But did he stop? No, indeed. When he reached the mountain, a great door opened. The Pied Piper passed in and all the children followed him; that is, all except one little boy who was lame, and who had tried so hard to keep up, but could not. He was left outside, for when the Pied Piper and the other children passed inside, the great door closed.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

What Happened Then

So you really thought that when the Pied Piper led the children through the open door in the mountain, and the door closed, that

the children never saw their parents again and that they stayed behind those closed doors for the rest of their lives.

Of course nothing like that happened, for that would not have made a good story at all. But let me tell you what did happen—something that you would like to have happen to you.

You remember, of course, that when the Pied Piper played his beautiful music, the children saw all sorts of wonderful and unusual things. They saw green meadows in which little children played until they really wanted to go to sleep; they saw great trees, bending low with candy; they saw a land where children were never made to do anything they did not wish to do.

When the door in the mountain closed, the children found that all these things were true.

There were the beautiful trees on which grew peppermint creams, chocolate caramels, and all candies dearly loved by little children. The green meadows were there, too, and everything just as the music had led them to believe, and for three long days (only they seemed very short days to the children) everything was so new and wonderful to these dear little people, they forgot that they did not have their mothers and fathers; forgot that their homes were far away; they did not even miss the little lame boy who was left outside.

On the fourth day a little curly-haired youngster of four stubbed his toe, for he had not discovered before that there were stones in the beautiful meadow. Tears gathered in his eyes and he began to cry, and ask for his mother.

All the other children gathered around him

and soon they were all crying: "I want my mother! That old piper must take us home."

When they looked up, the piper was nowhere to be seen, but dancing out in the clover field were hundreds of little fairies, for this, as you know, was fairy-land, or else all these wonderful things could not have happened.

The fairies were having a dance, but it is a known law in fairy-land that dancing can only take place when every one is happy; therefore the moment the fairies heard the children's sobs, they stopped dancing and rushed to the scene of the trouble.

First the poor bruised toe had to be attended to, and all the time the fairies were doing this they looked thoughtful.

"Children," said the most beautiful fairy of all, "you have had three happy days, but now

comes a more serious time. I hope in the end you will be happier because of it.

"You are all crying for your mothers and fathers, but you cannot go back to them until you lose all your bad habits, for there have been many hours that you have spent with your parents when these same habits have caused them many heartaches.

"Think hard now and remember the times you have grieved your parents by your misdeeds."

Then the children began recalling them so fast that the recording fairy could scarcely write them down rapidly enough.

Mary had told little falsehoods so many, many times. Jennie had been so rude that on one or two occasions she had gone so far as to scratch her playmates and tear their dresses. John had teased and tormented cats and dogs.

Earl had meddled with things which did not belong to him and which he had been forbidden to handle. There were so very many different things that another fairy had to relieve the first one, whose hand had grown tired from holding the fairy pen.

Then the queen of the fairies spoke. Her voice was low and sweet, and on her face was a look which said plainer than words: "I feel so sorry that I must speak as I am forced to do."

"My dear little children," she said, "you have, perhaps, never known before that this is the land where all wrongs are righted. I had the Pied Piper bring you here because I saw without this visit you would never see your errors, and day by day things would grow worse and worse.

"We have given you three happy, blissful

days, but now you must see things as they are. Candy-laden trees will, in time, make you sick; long days of play without the much-needed sleep will, by and by, make you long for rest; the green grass cannot always cover the stones in our pathway, and when we are sick, tired, and hurt, we long for that best friend of all, our mothers.

"But before you go back you must right all your wrongs, lose your bad habits, and make of yourselves what you ought to be. You must learn to bear disappointment and not murmur. You must learn to speak the truth at all times. You must gain self-control to such an extent that there will be no more pinching, scratching, and tearing of your playmates' clothes. Teasing and tormenting dumb animals must be a thing of the past, and meddling and disobedience must cease."

How sad and serious the children looked, for all these things seemed impossible. But yet, if accomplishing them was the only gateway through which they might again be with their mothers and fathers, then, be it ever so hard, it must be done.

Such long, hard days followed. The children saw the candy-laden trees disappear, and in their place grew bitter fruit, but, little by little, they learned not to murmur, even though their dearest wishes were not gratified.

At first they tried to hide their mistakes and shortcomings by telling falsehoods, but it was not long before they learned that the truthful course is the better.

Even Jennie learned to control herself so well that she could play with the most disagreeable companions and not lose her self-control; John found that cats and dogs, if

treated right, make just as good friends as boys, and Earl learned from some very hard lessons that meddling does not pay.

I cannot tell you how the fairies brought all this about, so I shall tell you how Earl was cured and you can imagine all the rest. You remember his chief fault was meddling with things he was told not to touch.

The day on which he had his greatest trial was the fairy queen's birthday. All fairyland had met to decide on a fitting present for their queen. At last they reached a decision, and placed the gift upon a stand entwined with smilax. It was held in a small golden box and Earl was extremely anxious to see what that box contained. He stood before it and argued to himself:

"I will be—oh, so careful. Surely it will not harm it if I lift the lid the tiniest bit."

He crept up very close and touched the delicate golden box very lightly. How beautiful it was! What could it contain? He felt he just *must* look. He opened the lid only a little way, and out poured a thin blue smoke. He did not have time to wonder, for in a twinkling of an eye the fairies had assembled.

"Oh, see what the meddler has done!" they cried. "We have gone to so much trouble to collect the best blue smoke for our fairy queen that she might smoke her glasses and thus be able to sit in the sun without discomfort, and here it has all been wasted."

Poor Earl could only say that he was very, very sorry, but, of course, that did no good. He loved the fairy queen dearly, and the fact that he was the cause of destroying her birthday gift made him very uncomfortable.

But even though the lessons were hard, they were all learned in time and the day came when the Pied Piper returned and played his enchanted pipes again. But this time he played a magic tune which showed the homesick children cozy firesides, kind fathers and mothers, cool, clean beds with fresh linen-covered pillows for tired heads, and days of peace filled with kind and loving deeds.

Oh, how gladly the children followed him, and how happily they rushed into the arms of their parents, wiser and better children for their brief visit to fairy-land!

II

Chicken Little

What Had Already Happened

ONE day Chicken Little was naughty. She ran away to the woods to play under the big oak-trees. While she was playing, a leaf dropped from the tree and fell right on Chicken Little's downy head.

"Oh! oh! oh! The sky has fallen," cried Chicken Little. "I must run and tell the king."

On the way she met Ducky Lucky. "Where are you going?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"The sky has fallen," said Chicken Little, "and I am going to tell the king."

"Then I will go with you," said Ducky Lucky.

So Chicken Little and Ducky Lucky ran to tell the king that the sky had fallen. They had not gone far before they met Cocky Locky.

"Where are you going?" asked Cocky Locky.

"The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king," said Chicken Little and Ducky Lucky.

"Then I will go with you," said Cocky Locky. So Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, and Cocky Locky ran to tell the king that the sky had fallen.

On the way they met Draky Laky. "Where are you three fine fowls going?" asked Draky Laky.

"The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king," they answered.

"Then I will go with you," said Draky Laky.

So Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, and Draky Laky ran to tell the king that the sky had fallen.

At a bend in the road they met Turkey Lurky. "Where are you going?" asked Turkey Lurky.

"The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"Then I will go with you," said Turkey Lurky.

So Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, and Turkey Lurky ran to tell the king that the sky had fallen. Down by the pond they met Goosey Poosy.

"Where are you going?" asked Goosey Poosy.

"The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"Then I will go with you," said Goosey Poosy.

So Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy ran to tell the king that the sky had fallen.

They were a little puzzled about the direction they should go in order to reach the king. Chicken Little and Ducky Lucky felt sure they should go to the north. Cocky Locky and Draky Laky suggested that they take the road to the east, while Turkey Lurky and Goosey Poosy said that the king's palace was towards the south.

While they were disputing, Fox Lox came up. "How do you do, my good friends," said Fox Lox. "Where are you going?"

"How do you do, my good friends," said Fox Lox.—*Page 38.*

"Oh, the sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king," cried Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy.

"Then I will show you the way," said Fox Lox.

And he led them to his den among the rocks.

Chicken Little

What Happened Then

THAT was an eventful day in the life of Chicken Little when the fox led her into his den. It was also an eventful day in the lives of Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, Goosey Poosy, and Fox Lox.

You have doubtless always thought that Fox Lox had a fine feast when he led this

troubled crowd into his den, but old Fox Lox was not quite so bad as you have been led to believe. When you have heard the story of his life, you will see that he was not so much to blame after all for leading this fine flock into his den.

You see, Fox Lox was not always a sly animal. In fact, he was not always an animal at all, for he was once a fine little pixie and lived in fairy-land.

He was very, very happy in this land of flowers and song and would have been glad to stay there forever, but like many little pixies, he had a very bad fault.

The pixies, after all, are not so different from little children, for a great many little girls and boys have faults—faults which grieve their parents and cause the children to be punished.

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

I am sure you could never guess what this little pixie's great fault was. It was teasing the chickens that scratched in the green meadows of fairy-land and teasing the ducks and geese which swam on the ponds among the beautiful water-lilies.

He teased them so much and worried the fairy queen so that at last she sent for him to come to her.

Poor little Fair Locks, for this was the Pixie's name, shook his golden curls and stamped his feet at the fairy messenger until she fled from him in wonder that one so fair could behave so rudely.

When she returned to the queen and told her all that had happened, the fairy queen raised her wand and by some unseen power little Fair Locks was drawn to her side.

"Sly little Fair Locks," said the fairy queen, "you have disobeyed me again and again until I find I cannot allow you to stay in my kingdom one minute longer. I am going to send you away from this beautiful land down to the earth-world, and there you must remain until you have done something for all these fowls you have tormented in fairy-land—something that will make them happier and better."

Poor little Fair Locks thought quickly of all the long line of fowls he had teased. He could see the downy little chickens he had teased that very morning with a fat worm. He remembered the ducks and geese he had driven from the pond, and the rooster, with the bright red comb, he had mocked with his "Cock-a-doodle-doo" until the poor old fellow was hoarse with his answering. Neither

did he forget the turkey he had chased from the green meadow.

But he had very little time to think, for suddenly as the fairy queen lowered her wand he felt a queer sensation all over his body. He dropped on his hands and feet and trotted away, but it was not the golden-haired pixie who left the presence of the fairy queen—oh, no. It was a sleek silver fox.

"Go," said the fairy queen. "You are no longer a pixie known as Fair Locks. You are now Fox Lox, the sly and cunning."

Before Fox Lox could realize what had happened, he was prowling through a forest in the earth-world, trying to think of some way in which he could redeem himself and get back to fairy-land again as a golden-haired pixie.

He had a very hard road to travel, for all

the foxes in the earth-world had made a bad name for themselves. In fact, Fox Lox had about decided that he would have to give up, when the eventful day came on which he met Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy.

"Now is my chance," said Fox Lox, "to befriend all these fowls and get back to fairy-land again."

So Fox Lox made his best bow and said, "How do you do, my good friends? Where are you going?"

"Oh," they cried, "the sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"Then I will show you the way," said Fox Lox, and he led them to his den among the rocks. But that was by no means the last of Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky,

Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy.

When they got inside, they found the best feast they had ever tasted. Fox Lox had been saving it for many days. When all had eaten, Fox Lox said :

"Now, my dear friends, you wish to see the king, but I do not think this a wise thing, for only this morning I heard bad news from the palace. The king's cook was out looking for a tender little chicken for the king's dinner. It would take him but a little while to dress Chicken Little and make a fine fry for the king. Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy would be quickly put into the pot and they would never see daylight again.

"I am sure that what Chicken Little felt on his head was only a leaf, blown down by

the wind. So I would advise you, now that you have all had a good meal, to go home and forget about telling your troubles to a hungry king."

Then Chicken Little, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Draky Laky, Turkey Lurky, and Goosey Poosy all bowed low to Fox Lox. But when they raised their heads there stood before them—not a sleek silver fox—but a golden-haired pixie who showed them the way to the mouth of the den and hurried off to fairy-land faster than a bird can fly.

III

Little Red Riding Hood

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a dear, good little girl who lived in a pretty little cottage with her father and mother and her little sister.

Their cottage stood on one side of a great oak forest. On the other side of the forest the grandmother lived.

The grandmother loved her little granddaughter very dearly and whenever the child came to visit her, she always carried away some little gift which her grandmother had made for her.

One time she made the child a little cloak with a red hood. The little girl looked so pretty in this cloak and hood that the neighbors said when she ran along the street, "There goes Little Red Riding Hood."

One day Little Red Riding Hood's mother called to her, "Come, Little Red Riding Hood, put on your cloak and hood and go through the woods to Grandmother's house. This is her birthday, so I have packed this basket full of good things for her. There is a loaf of bread, a pat of fresh butter, and a bottle of wine. Be careful when you go through the woods and do not leave the path. If you meet any one, speak politely, but do not stop to talk."

"All right, Mother, I will remember all you say," said Little Red Riding Hood, and, kissing her mother, she skipped away.

"This is my grandmother's birthday," said Little Red Riding Hood, "and I am taking her a little gift."—*Page 49.*

She had not gone far before she met a large gray wolf. He was close to her side before Little Red Riding Hood saw him.

"Good morning, little girl," said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"Good morning, sir," said Red Riding Hood. "I am going to see my grandmother who lives in the little cottage at the other side of the woods."

"What have you in your basket?" asked the wolf.

"This is my grandmother's birthday," said Little Red Riding Hood, "and I am taking her a little gift. I have a loaf of bread, a pat of butter, and a bottle of wine for her."

"Why don't you pick a bunch of these beautiful flowers for your grandmother?" said the wolf. "I am sure she would like to have them."

"Yes, Grandmother loves flowers, but my mother told me not to leave the path."

"Perhaps she didn't know that these flowers grow so near the path," suggested the wolf. "See, you could gather a large bunch and never get out of sight of the path."

"I don't suppose Mother would care if I stay in sight of the path," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Of course not," said the wolf.

So Little Red Riding Hood put her basket behind a large oak-tree and picked the largest and prettiest flowers she could find for her grandmother.

While she was picking the flowers, the wolf was running as fast as he could straight to the grandmother's house. When he reached the house, he knocked at the door.

Now the grandmother was lying down on her bed taking her afternoon nap, so she called:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Little Red Riding Hood," answered the wolf. "I have brought you a birthday present."

"Just pull the string and the latch will fly up," said the grandmother.

The wolf pulled the string that hung on the outside of the door and to his surprise the latch flew up and the door swung open.

Oh, how astonished the grandmother was when the door opened and in walked the big gray wolf instead of her dear little granddaughter. She was so frightened that she jumped from the bed and hid. In her hurry she dropped her glasses and her cap. The wolf put these on and took the grandmother's

place to wait for Little Red Riding Hood. He has always been thought to have eaten the grandmother.

How queer the old wolf appeared in the grandmother's cap and glasses! When he was in the bed with the quilts pulled up to his neck, he looked very much like the grandmother, for the cap had a frill around it which shaded the face.

By and by Little Red Riding Hood came to her grandmother's house carrying her basket and the flowers she had gathered. She knocked softly at the door.

"Who is there?" asked a voice from within.

"It is Little Red Riding Hood, Grandmother," answered the child.

"Pull the string and the latch will fly up," said the voice within.

Red Riding Hood pulled the string. Up flew the latch, the door opened and she went in.

"I wish you a happy birthday, Grandmother," said the little girl. "I have brought you a basket of good things and a large bunch of flowers."

"Put them on the table," said the voice from the bed, "and come and sit by my bed. I wish to talk with my little granddaughter."

Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told. The room was so dark that she could not see very well. But she wondered at the strange-looking face that looked at her from her grandmother's cap.

She had never noticed before what large ears her grandmother had. Now she saw that they made the cap stick out very oddly on the side. The eyes, too, looked larger than usual,

and when the great mouth opened, she had a glimpse of some very large teeth which she did not know her grandmother possessed.

"Oh, Grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, what a big nose you have!"

"The better to smell your sweet flowers, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, what long teeth you have!"

"The better to eat that fine loaf in your basket, my child."

And with that the wolf threw back the covers, thinking what a fine joke he had played.

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

Little Red Riding Hood was so surprised that she screamed loudly.

A wood-cutter, who was busy in the woods a short distance away, heard the scream and ran rapidly to the cottage.

When he saw the big gray wolf, standing at one side of the room and Little Red Riding Hood at the other side, he raised his ax to kill the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood

What Happened Then

"OH, no, no, do not kill the wolf," shouted Little Red Riding Hood as the wood-cutter had his ax raised to strike a blow. "Let him live. You cannot give him life, so what right have you to take it from him?"

"You are right, my little maid," said the wood-cutter, "but I will not release him until he makes me a promise."

Then, turning to the wolf, he said, "Promise me that you will leave these parts and never again be seen here."

"I will gladly promise," said the wolf. Then turning to Little Red Riding Hood, he said:

"Thank you, my dear little girl, I am sure you will never regret this. Here are your grandmother's glasses and cap. She may need them again."

And with that he was off and away as fast as his four legs could carry him.

"Did you hear what the wolf said about Grandmother's things?" asked Little Red Riding Hood. "Perhaps he did not eat her after all. I can scarcely believe he would be so cruel."

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

So the wood-cutter and Little Red Riding Hood began to search for the grandmother. And what do you think? Why, they found her in the large cupboard where she had hidden from the wolf. She had fainted, it is true, but the wood-cutter brought fresh water and when her little granddaughter bathed her face, she revived and was as well as ever.

But don't you think for a moment that the wolf never came to those parts again. It is true he waited a year and a day, but at the end of that time he came back. He was not a wolf, however, when he made his next visit—but there—I am telling you all the secret at once, so let me begin at the right point.

Just a year and a day from the time all this happened, Little Red Riding Hood was walking gayly through the woods with a basket of good things for her grandmother. There were

delicious jelly roll and whipped cream with large red cherries; there was also some fresh-baked custard.

She wore a new red coat and hood, for her grandmother had decided that the old ones had grown too shabby, so she had made new ones exactly like them for her little granddaughter.

That morning Red Riding Hood's little sister, Happy Heart, accompanied her for the first time. As they walked over the leaf-covered ground they chatted merrily, for these two sisters loved each other dearly. Happy Heart, as was her usual custom, laughed and shouted on her way, but soon her little feet began to lag and she was forced to confess that she was weary.

"I's tired, Wed Widing Hood," she lisped. "Please 'et me sit on 'is little bank and west."

"All right," consented her sister, "you sit on this mossy cushion and I will go out a little way into the woods and gather some autumn leaves for Grandmother."

So, singing merrily, Little Red Riding Hood tripped off to gather the bright colored leaves. When she had secured a large bunch of the flaming colors, she hastened back to the place where she had left her sister.

"Come on, Happy Heart," she shouted.

But the mossy cushion was empty and Happy Heart was nowhere to be seen.

In vain did Little Red Riding Hood shout and in vain did she search, but no merry voice answered her call.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed.

"What shall you do?" questioned a voice

close by. Looking up, she saw an old man hobbling towards her, leaning on a cane.

"You are too kind a little girl to be in all this trouble," said the old man. "Can I help you?"

Then Little Red Riding Hood told him how she and her sister were on their way to their grandmother's, and all about the mysterious way in which her sister had disappeared.

"What kind of child is your sister?" asked the old man.

"She is a beautiful child with the happiest disposition you have ever known. We call her Happy Heart because she is never sad."

"I see, I see," said the old man. "The elfmen have taken her. This is their bank and beneath this mossy cushion on which she sat, the elfmen live. They love happy-

hearted children and have taken her to help make their home bright and gay."

Then the old man began searching around among the leaves, whipping them aside with his cane. By and by, he stopped and picked up something.

"Is this the hood your sister wore?" he asked, holding up a blue hood, edged with white fur.

"Yes, yes," cried Little Red Riding Hood.

"You cannot wear such hoods as this in elf-land," said the old man. "The fairies fit you with a wonderful cap and when you wear one of these fairy caps, you are entitled to three wishes. When the third wish is made, the cap disappears."

"Then," said Little Red Riding Hood, "Happy Heart will wish herself out of fairy-land and back home, I am quite sure."

The old man shook his head very slowly as he said, "If Happy Heart knew the value of the cap she is now wearing in elfland, she would doubtless make such a wish, but I dare say the fairies have not acquainted her with this fact."

"Can't she ever get out?" questioned Little Red Riding Hood.

"There is only one way," replied the old man. "If you will wait here until midnight, the mossy cushion will be lifted and the elf-men will come out to dance. Secure from them a magic cap and a pair of glass slippers which they all wear. Watch your chance and get on the glass ladder which they suspend from the earth-world to elfland, and all will be well."

Then the old man disappeared and Little Red Riding Hood crept to some near-by bushes and waited until night should come.

By and by the sun went down and the woods began to grow dark. One by one the stars came out and the big, round moon showed itself above the horizon. The great clock in the town struck eleven, then half-past, but Little Red Riding Hood waited, her little red cloak drawn tight about her, for the night air was cold.

Just as the clock struck twelve, the mossy cushion was set one side by six tiny elfmen, and out from the bank came a great crowd of little people.

Their feet were shod in tiny glass slippers which made clear, tinkling music as they danced. On their heads were queer three-cornered caps which looked as fine as a spider's web.

Little Red Riding Hood watched them, charmed with their fairy movements, for they

could bend double and turn somersaults in a most artful manner.

On and on they danced until the moon began to pale, and still Little Red Riding Hood had not seen a chance to secure the slippers or the cap.

Then suddenly, at a sign from their leader, all the elfmen tossed their caps into the air and caught them three times. One little elfman, who was a trifle dizzy from too much dancing, lost his balance and tumbled over right at Little Red Riding Hood's feet just as he was sending up his cap for the third and last time. Quickly she caught the descending cap, and, putting it on her head, wished for a pair of glass slippers, and lo, there they were right in her hand.

The poor little elfman, who had lost his power of sight with his cap, was being carried

down the glass ladder by his companions. Then the six little elfmen shouldered the mossy cushion, and Little Red Riding Hood, remembering just in time that her work was not yet done, rushed to the opening and descended the glass ladder.

After a long climb she found herself in elfland with many beautiful, glistening lights about her. Such a wonderful place she had never before seen, and there on a golden cushion sat Happy Heart with a sad, far-away look on her face. She seemed to realize that she had been carried away from those she loved best and this had dampened her usual bright spirits.

As Little Red Riding Hood wore both the cap and the slippers of the elfmen, she appeared to them as one of their number, so they gave her no special thought.

When she was near enough to little Happy Heart to do so, she whispered in her ear:

"Never fear, little sister. We shall get out very quickly."

Then, taking her sister's hand in hers, she wished the two back in the earth-world, and in a moment they were both seated on the mossy bank out in the bright morning sunshine, and before them stood the little old man.

"All has worked out well, I see," he said. Then catching sight of the glass slippers, he laughed a merry laugh.

"Will you be so kind as to give me those slippers for the help I have given you?" he asked.

"I will be only too glad to do it," said Little Red Riding Hood.

The old man took the slippers and ground

them to powder beneath his heel. Then he said:

"Take this dust and sprinkle it over me."

Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told, and, as the glass dust fell over the old man's shoulders, he disappeared and in his place stood a strong, handsome youth.

"Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood," he said. "Do you remember the wolf whose life you saved a year and a day ago? I am he, and because of your great kindness in saving my life, I have been waiting to do this kindness for you."

Then he told her how he was at one time a very wealthy prince, but the elfmen had changed him into a wolf, and only a kind act performed by a little child could make him a human being again. When he was a wolf he did not always do the kind thing; therefore

he was changed into a crippled old man instead of into his original form. The glass slippers, however, had made him all he desired.

He accompanied Little Red Riding Hood and Happy Heart to their grandmother's house and vowed never to marry until this child who had saved his life had grown to womanhood.

When Little Red Riding Hood was eighteen years old, they were married and lived happily ever after. They count as one of their dearest possessions a little red-and-gold cap which they will not wear until they are ready to make their third and last wish.

IV

The Elves and the Shoemaker

What Had Already Happened

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and who was very honest. But even though he was never idle, he could not earn enough to live on.

At last he had neither money nor anything in his shop to sell. In fact, there was only leather enough for one pair of shoes. Before he went to bed, he cut out the leather, meaning to get up early the next morning and make the shoes.

Now you may think that one so near want would not be able to sleep for worry, but this was not true of the shoemaker. He felt sure

that God would take care of him, so he soon fell asleep.

When he arose in the morning he found on his work-bench the finest pair of shoes he had ever seen, but he could not find the leather he had cut the night before.

"I do not quite understand this," said the shoemaker to his wife. "The leather in these shoes is the same that I cut last night, and yet who could have made them?"

That day a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price for them than he usually paid for his shoes. With the money the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two more pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut out the shoes and then went to bed early so that he could wake early the next morning and begin his work; but he was saved all the trouble,

for when he arose in the morning the work was already done.

Soon two customers came in and bought the shoes, which they declared were the best they had ever seen, and for which they were willing to pay a big price.

Again the shoemaker cut out the work at night, and again he found it finished in the morning. And so it went on for some time; the work that was ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous.

One evening about Christmas time, as the shoemaker and his wife were sitting before their fire chatting together, he said to her:

"I should like very much to sit up and watch to-night, that I may see who it is that comes and does my work for me."

The wife thought this an excellent idea.

So they left a light burning and hid themselves behind a curtain in the corner of the room.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, two little elves entered the room. Although the night was very cold, they wore only thin gauze clothes, but they did not seem at all uncomfortable. They did not waste any time, but sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, took up the leather that was cut and began stitching and rapping and tapping away. They worked so rapidly that the shoemaker and his wife were amazed.

On and on they worked until the task was finished, and the shoes stood ready for use. Then the elves left as quickly as they had come.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker: "These little folks have made us

rich, for which fact we should not only be thankful to them, but should also express our thanks by doing something for them. It worries me to see them run about as they do, for they have only the thinnest clothes. I think I shall make each of them a shirt, a coat, a waistcoat and a pair of trousers. You should make each of them a pair of little red shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much, and one evening when all the things were ready, they were laid on the table instead of the work which had usually been placed there. Then the shoemaker and his wife hid themselves behind the curtain.

When the clock struck twelve, in came the elves. They went to the work-bench and took up the tools, ready to begin work. But when they found there was no work there, they

looked puzzled. Then they spied the clothes, and two happier little creatures could not have been found. They laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door.

The elves never returned, but everything went well with the shoemaker and his wife as long as they lived.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

What Happened Then

I AM sure you are wondering why everything went so well with the shoemaker and

his wife when the elves no longer visited them.

You would know without wondering if you knew all about the customs of the land where these helpful little creatures live.

The elves were much delighted with their new clothes. The first thing they did was just what you would have done had you been in their place.

When they had put on the shirts, the coats, the waistcoats, the trousers, and the little red shoes, they danced right out of the door and down to the brook, which, you must know, serves as the elves' looking-glass. When they saw how really fine they looked, they danced on away to fairy-land, and made the other elves wish that they, too, had such pretty garments.

This furnished them all the amusement

they wanted for a while, but soon they grew quite serious and said:

"We must certainly get busy at once. There are many, many stitches in these garments and there are many stitches in these little red shoes."

Then they quickly scampered out of the pretty clothes. In the twinkling of an eye they had them off and were counting the stitches.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten ——" they counted.

"There are four hundred and six stitches in the shirt," said one, as he folded the garment and put it to one side.

Then he took up the coat and counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight —five hundred and ten," he announced.

Then the stitches in the waistcoat, the

trousers, and the tiny red shoes were counted, and how many do you think they found in the two full suits and the two pairs of shoes? Why, just exactly seven thousand, three hundred stitches.

"Well, well, well!" they cried when they had finished, "we will have to see that the shoemaker and his wife have just as many happy, prosperous days as they have taken stitches for us."

The elves knew just how many years this would make. Do you?

V

The Brave Tin Soldier

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there were twenty-five tin soldiers all of whom were brothers, for they had the same old tin spoon for a mother. They all held their muskets in the same way; they all looked straight ahead, and they all had the same spotless red and blue uniforms.

These soldiers had been given to a little boy on his birthday. When he saw them he was delighted, for he had long wanted a whole regiment of soldiers.

The first thing this little boy did was to stand his soldiers all up in a line on the table. He found that one of the soldiers had only one leg, but he stood just as firmly on his one leg as the others did on their two.

Now you may be surprised when I tell you that it was this soldier with the one leg who became famous.

On the table where the soldiers had been placed stood many other toys, but the toy that the little boy liked next to the tin soldiers was a splendid cardboard castle. It had small windows through which you could see right into the rooms. In front of the castle were many pretty trees, also a little lake on which were swans made of wax. Of course the lake was only a looking-glass with its edges buried in sand; however, this made no difference. But the prettiest thing of all was

a little lady who stood outside the open gate of the castle. She was made of cardboard, too, but her dress made you forget this fact. It was made of the finest gauze, and a narrow blue ribbon was thrown over her shoulders like a scarf, and on her breast was a shining tinsel rose. Although this beautiful lady was a dancer, she held one of her feet so daintily under the pretty gauze dress that the tin soldier could not see it. This made him think that she had only one leg like himself.

"I feel very tenderly towards that little lady," he thought, "but she is far too good for me. She lives in a grand castle, while I have only a box which I must share with two dozen others. I fear I could never make her happy, but I must try to know her better."

Then he found a safe spot behind a vase

The toy that the little boy liked next to the tin soldiers was a splendid cardboard castle.—*Page 79.*

where he could watch this dainty little lady, who seemed never to tire of dancing.

When night came, the little boy put the twenty-four soldiers in the box, but he did not miss the soldier with the one leg and left him behind the vase from where he could still watch the beautiful dancer.

After all the people in the house had gone to bed and the room was perfectly quiet, the toys began to play. They played "war," "tag," and "hide-and-seek." The tin soldiers would have liked very much to join in the fun, but the lid had been put on the box so tight that they could not push it off. But they pushed and struggled under the cover until the toy bear felt sure that they, too, were playing "war."

The drumsticks danced with the ruler, and the rocking-horse took the toy bear for a joy-

ride. The only two who did not stir from their places were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She was standing on the tip of her toes, with both her arms stretched out; he remained quietly behind the vase. He never took his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve and a little black goblin bounced out of a box close by.

"You common tin soldier," shouted the goblin, "will you stop looking at the beautiful dancer!"

But the tin soldier did not seem to hear and he looked all the harder at the lady.

"Just wait until to-morrow," said the goblin, "and we shall see."

The next morning when the little boy came in, he placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, some people think it was the goblin who pushed the tin soldier out of the open

window. But I rather think it must have been the wind that did it. At any rate, down, down, down he fell and rolled off into the gutter.

When the little boy saw what had happened, he ran down to get the tin soldier, but although he looked and looked, he could not find him. One time he was so near him that his little shoe touched the soldier's musket. The soldier ought to have called him, but he felt that he would be dishonored if he cried out while he wore the splendid blue and red uniform. So the little boy went on back to his other toys and left the tin soldier lying in the gutter.

Soon it began to rain; the drops fell faster and faster until the gutter was transformed into a little river. The tin soldier felt himself being washed on with the rising stream.

Soon he was out of the gutter and into a little brook. Then he was out of the brook and into a river. Now he was under a dark bridge and then out into the daylight again.

"I wonder where I am going now," he thought, as he went under a culvert. "I am sure it is the goblin's fault. If the little lady were only here with me, I should not mind if it were twice as dark."

Just then a large water-rat which lived under the culvert saw him. This rat had lived here so long that he thought no one had a right to pass through but him.

"Give me your pass," screamed the rat.

But the tin soldier only grasped his musket a little tighter and sailed on. The rat was very angry to think that a common tin soldier should pass him by without even a bow, and he gnashed his teeth and called to the

pieces of bark and trash which floated by, "Catch that soldier! He hasn't given me his pass."

But the tin soldier was going too fast to be caught by such plodders. Out into the open river he dashed. There were many dangers here, but the tin soldier was brave and did not fear them in the least.

Then, before he could think, a great fish snapped him up and swallowed him. What a dark place it was! It was even darker than it had been under the culvert, and there was so little room, too. But the tin soldier was brave and lay out at full length, keeping his musket always pointed just right.

The fish swam around gayly for a while, then it jerked and plunged and the tin soldier got quite a good shaking. At last the fish became quiet; something like a flash

of lightning passed through him. The tin soldier was in broad daylight again and some one was exclaiming, "Oh, I see! A tin soldier!"

You know, of course, what had happened. The fish had been caught and sold in the market. The cook was dressing it for dinner and had cut it open with a big knife.

The cook washed the tin soldier very carefully and then carried him into the nursery. Every one seemed anxious to see the tin soldier who had traveled inside of a fish. Although he received a great deal of attention, the tin soldier was not at all proud. He really took but little notice of his surroundings, but when he did look up, he found to his delight that he was in the very room where he had fallen from the window. There were the same children, the same playthings and the same

pretty castle with the pretty dancer at the door. She was still standing on one leg, and kept the other high in the air.

How happy the tin soldier felt! Life was really worth living again. He looked at the dainty lady and she looked at him, but they did not say anything.

"I do not want this tin soldier any more," said the little boy. "He has only one leg and the red is all washed off his uniform." And with that he threw him into the open fire.

The flames lighted up the tin soldier. He felt a terrible heat, but whether it was the heat from the fire or from his love he could not tell. He looked at the little dancer and she looked at him; he felt he was melting, but he did not flinch, only grasped his musket tighter.

Suddenly the door of the room flew open and there was a strong draught. It caught the dancer, and she flew straight into the open grate to the tin soldier; there was a bright blaze—and she was gone. The brave tin soldier melted down into a little lump, and when the servant-girl took out the ashes next morning, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. She also found a beautiful tinsel rose with its leaves the least bit scorched.

The Brave Tin Soldier

What Happened Then

AND what became of the little tin heart and the tinsel rose which would not burn? Do you ask?

Oh, no, they were not thrown away. Love, you know, is the only thing in all the world which cannot be destroyed, and that was all that was left of the brave tin soldier and the pretty dancer—just their love. The love of the brave tin soldier was left in the little tin heart and that of the dancer was left in the tinsel rose.

"I hope they won't throw us on the ash-heap," sighed the little tin heart, as he nestled up close to the tinsel rose in the grate.

"Of course they won't," said the tinsel rose. "Why, it is the most beautiful part of us that is left."

Soon the fire in the grate died down and the last red glow left the coals. Then the little tinsel rose, with its scorched leaves, settled right in the middle of the little tin heart, and if they did not sleep, they at least rested.

You have heard how the servant-girl found them in the morning. She did not think much about them, for she had but little love in her heart. She worked hard, day in and day out, for money, but she did not even love her work, and there was not any one in the whole world whom she could really say she loved. So the little tin heart was only a lump of tin to her and the tinsel rose was only a dirty trifle.

"We are on our way to the ash-heap," said the little tin heart, as he drew up close to the tinsel rose in the coal-scuttle as if to protect her.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the tinsel rose, "but we will not stay there, for love must find a better place than that."

And she was right, too, for no sooner had they recovered from their coughing and

sneezing, which had been caused by the dust the servant-girl raised when she threw out the ashes, than they saw two little children coming straight towards them.

They were beautiful children, and had their mothers known that they were searching in a pile of ashes, they would have been shocked. But had they known what the ash-heap contained and what a blessing it would be to the children, they would not have objected.

"It's mine! I saw it first!" cried the boy.

"No, it's mine! I saw it shining there before I crossed over to this side," said the girl.

"Don't you dare touch it!" screamed the boy. "If you do, I'll tell your mother that you have been scratching in the ash-heap."

"Don't you touch it!" cried the girl.

"If you do I'll throw ashes all over your clean waist, and you'll be punished."

How ugly and frowning and cross those two little faces were! Both the children sprang towards the ash-heap at once. The little boy's hand closed over the tinsel rose and that of the little girl closed over the little tin heart.

Then the queerest thing happened. As soon as the little boy touched the tinsel rose, with its slightly scorched leaves, his face became bright and happy. The moment the little girl's hand came in contact with the little tin heart, her face lost its frowns and her voice its tone of anger.

"I'll go right home and make you some little heart cookies," she said.

"And I'll let you wear my beautiful rose," said the boy.

All the long morning they played, and there was never a single cross word, but only loving deeds. They may have quarreled and wrangled when they played with other things, but the little tin heart and the tinsel rose breathed love when they were handled.

And all who ate the little heart-shaped cookies that were cut with the little tin heart felt a loving thought spring up in their minds or a loving deed spring into action. And all who smelled the tinsel rose seemed to be lifted a little nearer Heaven.

So the brave tin soldier and the constant little dancer never died, for their love lived on and on and always brought a blessing.

VI

The Old Woman and Her Pig

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a little old woman who lived in a little old house.

One day when this little old woman was sweeping with her little old broom, she found a little old dime. So she went to a little old market and bought a little old pig. As she went home with her pig she had to get over a stile; so she said:

"Pig, pig, jump over the stile."

But the pig would not.

So she went on a little farther, and she met a dog. Then she said:

"Dog, dog, bite pig. Pig will not jump

over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

So she went on a little farther, and she met a stick. Then she said :

" Stick, stick, beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not jump over the stile and we shall not get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

When she had gone on a little farther, she met a fire. As soon as she saw the fire, she said :

" Fire, fire, burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not jump over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

So she went on a little farther, and she met some water. When she saw the water, she said :

"Water, water, put out fire. Fire will not burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not jump over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the water would not.

So she went a little farther, and she met an ox. Then she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water. Water will not put out fire. Fire will not burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not jump over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

When she had gone on a few steps, she met a butcher and she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox. Ox will not drink water. Water will not put out fire. Fire will not burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not

jump over stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

So she went on a little farther, and she met a rope, and said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher. Butcher will not kill ox. Ox will not drink water. Water will not put out fire. Fire will not burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not jump over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

After walking a short distance, she met a rat, and she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope. Rope will not hang butcher. Butcher will not kill ox. Ox will not drink water. Water will not put out fire. Fire will not burn stick. Stick will not beat dog. Dog will not bite pig. Pig will not

jump over the stile, and we shall not get home to-night."

Then a strange thing happened. The rat began to gnaw the rope. The rope began to hang the butcher. The butcher began to kill the ox. The ox began to drink the water. The water began to put out the fire. The fire began to burn the stick. The stick began to beat the dog. The dog began to bite the pig. The pig jumped over the stile, and they got home before night.

The Old Woman and Her Pig

What Happened Then

WHEN the old woman reached home with her pig, all went well for many days, but soon she noticed that the pig was very untidy.

And they got home before night.—*Page 98.*

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

"This will never do," said the old woman. "My house cannot be made unsightly by a dirty pig."

So she brought a large tub of water to the pig and said:

"Now scrub and scrub,
Then rub and rub,
Till you shine and shine,
And are clean and fine."

But the pig said: "I cannot unless I have some soap."

Then the old woman said: "If you will go to the soap-boiler you can get some soap."

So the pig went to the soap-boiler, and said:

"The old woman is sad because I am dirty. Give me some soap that I may wash and be clean."

"I cannot," said the soap-boiler, "unless you bring me some fat, for I have none from which to make my soap."

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So the pig went to the butcher and said, "Give me some fat that I may give it to the soap-boiler so he can make me some soap so I can wash and be clean and the old woman will no longer be sad."

But the butcher said, "I cannot unless you bring me some beef from which to get the fat."

So the pig went to the cow and said, "Give me some beef that I may give it to the butcher so he can get me some fat that I may give it to the soap-boiler so he can make me some soap so I can wash and be clean and the old woman will no longer be sad."

But the cow said, "I cannot unless you bring me some grass which I can eat and make into beef."

So the pig went to the meadow and said, "Give me some grass that I may give it to

the cow so she can give me some beef that I may give it to the soap-boiler so he can make me some soap so I can wash and be clean and the old woman will no longer be sad."

But the meadow said, "I cannot unless you bring me some water to wet my roots so I can grow more grass."

So the pig went to the brook and said, "Give me some water that I may give it to the meadow so it can grow more grass that I may give it to the cow so she can give me some beef that I may give it to the butcher so he can get me some fat that I may give it to the soap-boiler so he can make me some soap so I can wash and be clean and the old woman will no longer be sad."

But the brook said, "I cannot unless you bring me some water from the clouds."

Now the clouds were too far away and too

high up for the pig to reach. He felt very sad indeed and he did not know what to do. So he lay down by the brook and cried and cried and cried. In fact, he cried so hard that the brook thought the tears were rain and she called: "Here is the water for the meadow."

The little pig took it and ran rapidly to the meadow.

Then the meadow began to grow her grass; the cow began to make more beef; the butcher began to cut the fat; the soap-boiler began to boil his soap, and when the pig reached the soap-boiler's house, there was a large, round cake of soap. So he went home and made himself neat and clean and the old woman was no longer sad.

VII

The Three Little Pigs

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there were three little pigs. They lived with their mother in a very nice pen, but the mother felt that her children could do better in the world than they were doing, so she said, "Children, you are all growing large and strong and I am sure you will do well to start out now and seek your fortunes."

So Whitie, Brownie, and Blackie, for these were their names, started out to seek their fortunes.

Whitie went down the long lane towards the

river, for there was nothing he liked quite so much as a large mud puddle. He would turn over and over in the dirt until you could not tell that he had ever been white. He had not gone far before he met a man with a load of straw.

"Please, man," he said, "give me some of that straw to build me a house."

"Certainly! Certainly!" said the man.

So Whitie took the straw and built a little house.

By and by, along came the wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no," said the little pig, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin. I can't let you in."

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he quickly blew the straw house in, and carried Whitie away to his den.

Brownie went out on the wide road and on towards the village. He had not gone far before he met a man with a load of furze.

"Please, man," he said, "give me some furze to build me a house."

"Certainly! Certainly!" said the man.

So Brownie took the furze and built him a very fine house, indeed.

By and by, along came the wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no," said the little pig, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin. I can't let you in."

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he blew the furze house in, and carried Brownie away to his den.

Blackie took the road that led to a large brick yard. When he had gone quite a little way, he met a man with a load of bricks.

"Please, man," he said, "give me those bricks to build me a house."

"Certainly! Certainly!" said the man.

So Blackie took the bricks and built him a very strong house.

By and by, the wolf came, as he had done to the other pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no," said the little pig, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin. I can't let you in."

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed,

and he huffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house in. When he found it was impossible to get the little pig by blowing the house in, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, over in Mr. Smith's field. If you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we shall go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig. "What time shall we go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock," said the wolf.

The next morning the little pig got up at five o'clock and got the turnips and was home again before six o'clock.

At six the wolf came and said: "Little pig, are you ready?"

"Ready!" said the little pig. "I have been and have come back. I have the finest turnips in the whole patch."

This made the wolf very angry, but he did not want Blackie to know it, so he said in his gentlest voice:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"Down at the old Brandon place," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow. Take a big basket, for the apples are well worth getting."

The next morning Blackie bustled up at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but it

"Are they nice apples?"—*Page 109.*

took him longer than he thought. Then, too, as his legs were very short, he found it hard to climb the tree. He was just coming down the tree when he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up, he said:

"Little pig, why did you leave me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes," said Blackie, "they are very nice. I will throw you down one."

And Blackie threw it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, he jumped down and ran home.

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Yes," said the little pig. "I will go. What time shall I be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf.

So Blackie went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair and bought a butter-churn. He was on his way home when he saw the wolf coming.

"What shall I do?" thought Blackie.

Not being able to think of a better plan, he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it around, and it rolled down the hill with the little pig in it. When the wolf saw this strange round thing rolling down the hill, he was so frightened that he ran home without going to the fair.

That evening just as it was getting dark, he went to Blackie's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Blackie laughed and laughed at this. In

fact, he laughed so long that at last the wolf asked:

"What are you laughing at, anyway?"

"I'm laughing at the good joke I played on you," said Blackie. "That was only a butter-churn and I was in it. I had been to the fair, and I had bought a butter-churn. When I saw you coming, I got into the churn and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry, indeed, and declared that he would get even with Blackie.

The little pig was so afraid that the wolf would come down the chimney that he put a large kettle of water under it.

"That will give him a cold plunge and wake him up," said Blackie to himself.

But the wolf did not come down the chimney. He had a better plan than that.

The Three Little Pigs

What Happened Then

HAVE you ever heard of pigs having a merry time? Then you should have seen Blackie, Whitie and Brownie on the day they first met after the wolf had destroyed the mud house which belonged to Whitie, and the furze house which belonged to Brownie and had tried in many ways to capture Blackie and carry him away to his den.

But wait just a minute. I believe some one said that he thought that Blackie filled a kettle with hot water and put it under the chimney and that the wolf climbed down and fell into it and that Blackie had the wolf for dinner.

Do you really think that such a fine pig as Blackie would do such a mean thing as this? No, indeed he would not.

It is true that the wolf carried Brownie and Whitie away to his den and that he tried in many artful ways to catch Blackie and take him there, too.

We can scarcely blame the wolf for being just a little angry when Blackie made it known that the queer animal without head or tail which came rolling down the hill was no other than this same little black pig the wolf so much desired. The fact that the pig had been wise enough to hide in a churn and frighten the wolf did not make the joke at all funny to Mr. Wolf.

When Blackie shouted this news from the window, the wolf was so angry that he thought and thought and thought what would be the best way to make the little pig very miserable.

He was a wise old wolf and he thought

very quickly over the long list of things he could do to annoy Blackie. At last he decided that, as the little pig had had a long trip to the fair that day, he was doubtless very tired and sleepy.

"I'll just go up on the roof of his house and dance and keep him awake. That, I am sure, will be the most annoying thing I can do to him."

So he climbed to the roof, and when Blackie heard him tramping around, first on this side and then on that side, he felt sure that the wolf was trying to make a hole in the roof so he could come through.

But when nine o'clock came and the wolf still continued to dance, Blackie caught on to the little joke.

"Aha!" said he to himself, "Mr. Wolf thinks he is very clever to keep me awake all

night, but I'll show him that this little pig is more clever than he."

Now Blackie had never been one to roam around in the night, but the thing he had determined to do made him forget the dark night.

Quietly he crept out of the little brick house, down the dark street, on out past the apple-tree, where he had gathered apples a few days before, on by the turnip field, where he had so recently feasted on turnips, and over the hill where, only that day, he had rolled in his churn. On and on he ran until he was panting for breath, his little red tongue hanging out between his teeth.

All this time the wolf was prancing up and down on the roof of the little brick house, thinking what a disagreeble, sleepless night he was furnishing the weary little pig.

As Blackie ran he looked behind him every once in a while, for he half feared the wolf might suspect his errand and overtake him.

Now, where do you think Blackie was going? Why, straight to the wolf's den to help Whitie and Brownie get out.

When he came near the den he saw that everything was dark, so he waited outside and said a little rhyme. It was one which the old mother pig had taught her three children when they were tiny wee pigs and did not know that there was such a thing as a big world filled with trouble awaiting them.

In those days they played a little game. Two of the pigs hid while the third recited a little rhyme. When the rhyme was finished, the two hiding pigs grunted softly, and the pig that was "it" had to tell where they were by the direction of the sound.

Blackie felt sure that when his brothers heard the familiar rhyme they would know who waited outside. So he recited it in a loud voice.

"You are hiding, I am near,
I will find you, never fear,
Speak but once and I shall hear."

How delighted Blackie was when he heard two loud grunts and saw Whitie's and Brownie's frightened faces at the door of the den.

"Where is the wolf?" they both asked at once.

"He is dancing on the roof of my house," said Blackie. "By this he hopes to keep me awake all night. Let us hurry away before he gets tired and comes down."

So away the three pigs ran, on away from the den, down the long hill, past the turnip

field, past the apple-tree and through the dark street to the little brick house.

As they came near the house they heard some one groaning: "O dear! O dear! I have broken all my bones!"

There on the grass in the front yard was the wolf. He had become weary and had danced too near the edge of the roof and had fallen off.

Blackie, Brownie and Whitie felt so very sorry for him that they helped him into the house and bound up his leg in splints.

He lay on the little bed of straw in the corner until he could walk, and don't you know, he was the best friend after that those three pigs had, and he always took Sunday dinner with them in the little brick house.

VIII

The Gingerbread Man

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man who lived all alone in a little old house.

One day the little old woman was very lonely and she sighed so loud that the little old man looked up and said:

"What is the matter? Why do you sigh?"

"Oh," said the little old woman, "I am so very lonely. I wish we had a little boy in the house to keep us company."

"Borrow one," said the little old man.

"No," said the little old woman, "I do not

want a borrowed child. I want one of my own."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the little old man, "make a gingerbread boy and you can keep him with you always."

"That's a fine idea," said the little old woman.

So she got out her bread-board and her rolling-pin and began work. She mixed her dough very carefully, then she shaped the gingerbread man. She gave him a pretty red hat of peppermint candy, a little chocolate jacket, and fine licorice shoes. He had raisins for eyes and small black currants for buttons on his coat.

Then the little old woman put the gingerbread man into the oven to bake, saying,

"Bake, bake, as fast as you can,
For you are to be my gingerbread man!"

When she felt sure that the gingerbread man was done, she opened the oven door, and —what do you think? Why, the little gingerbread man jumped right out of the pan and ran away.

Of course the little old woman and the little old man ran after him, but he called back over his shoulder:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"

As the little old woman and the little old man could not run as fast as the gingerbread man, they soon turned back.

Now when the gingerbread man had gone on a little way, he met a horse. The horse smelled the gingerbread man and then ran after him as fast as he could. The little gingerbread man ran on, calling out over his shoulder:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"

And when the horse had grown tired and had stopped, the gingerbread man called:

"I've run away from a little old woman and a
little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Farther down the road he met a cow. The cow had not been able to find much grass, so she was hungry. When she saw the gingerbread man, she ran after him as fast as she could. But the gingerbread man was not afraid. He called back gayly:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"

Soon the cow grew tired of the chase. Then the gingerbread man laughed and shouted:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"—*Page 122.*

"I've run away from a little old woman, a little
old man and a horse,
And I can run away from you, I can."

He then passed by a large field of grain where a great many mowers were busy at work. The mowers had not been to their dinner, so they were hungry. When they saw the gingerbread man they dropped their mowers and ran after him. But the gingerbread man knew they could not catch him, so he called back:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"

It did not take the mowers long to weary of the chase. Then the gingerbread man waved to them and said:

"I've run away from a little old woman, a little
old man, a horse and a cow,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Soon he came to a large barn. Inside, there was such a queer noise.

"I must find out what makes that noise," said the gingerbread man.

So he peeped through the door and saw a great many men threshing wheat.

Now the threshers also saw the gingerbread man, and they ran rapidly after him.

But the gingerbread man had confidence in his little licorice shoes, so he called:

"Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!"

Soon the men gave up the race and went back to their work. Then the gingerbread man took time to stand up on a large rock and shout:

"I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man, a horse, and a cow and a field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

Now, as the little gingerbread man stepped down from the rock, he noticed that one of his little licorice shoes was worn out at the toe. He was so distressed over this that he did not notice that the old fox was approaching him. It gave him quite a surprise when some one close to his elbow said, "Good-morning!"

"I thought I'd stop to see how you intend to get across the river," said the fox.

"Sure enough, there is a river," said the gingerbread man. "I can't swim, for if I get wet it will be all up with me. I'll crumble all to pieces."

"Suppose you get on my back and I'll take you across," suggested the fox.

So the gingerbread man jumped on the fox's back and they started off. When they had gone only a little way, the fox said:

"It's getting deeper and deeper. Jump on my neck."

Things went very well for a while, then the fox said:

"It's getting deeper and deeper. Jump on my head."

After a while the gingerbread man heard the fox say:

"It's getting deeper and deeper. Jump on my nose."

Then the fox gave a snap, and the gingerbread man said:

"Oh, I'm a quarter gone."

After another snap, the gingerbread man said:

"Oh, I'm half gone."

Then another snap, and he said: "I'm three-quarters gone."

And when the fox gave another snap, the

gingerbread man did not say a thing, for he was all gone.

The Gingerbread Man

What Happened Then

WHEN the fox reached the other side of the river, what do you think happened?

Why, he sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, for the cold water had given him a dreadful cold. Just as the fox gave his loudest sneeze, the gingerbread man jumped right out of his mouth, and he was whole, too. The only trouble was that his legs were a little weak from having been in so much dampness.

"You are certainly a clever little gingerbread man," said the fox. "I am glad I brought you across safely. Now I'll be off to

get some medicine for my cold. Good luck to you!"

And that is how the little gingerbread man found himself alone on the other side of the river.

"What shall I do now?" thought he. "I am only a little gingerbread man and I am sure to get into trouble wherever I go."

Then two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "This will never do," said he. "I must remember that nothing is quite so harmful to gingerbread men as tears. I shall soon melt away to nothing if I do not stop crying."

So he trudged bravely on down the road. As he walked on, he felt unusually courageous, and determined that whatever happened he would not be afraid.

He had not gone far before he was overtaken by a man who rode in a large lumber wagon.

"Good morning, my little man," said he. "Won't you ride in my wagon?"

The gingerbread man climbed over the wheel and seated himself beside the man. They talked for some time, then the man pinched the gingerbread man's arm and said, smacking his lips:

"You look good enough to eat. Aren't you afraid to roam around alone? You are mighty tempting."

The gingerbread man's little heart went pit-a-pat under his gingerbread skin, but he had determined to be brave, so he said:

"Talk, talk, as much as you can,
You can't frighten me, I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man,
A horse, a cow, a field full of mowers and a barn full of threshers.
I'm perfectly safe with you, I know;
You may not want me to know it, though."

The gingerbread man looked so funny with his head held high, and with a "got-even-with-you" smile on his face, that the man only laughed and said:

"Right you are! You *are* safe with me."

So they rode on a long distance and talked about the farms they passed and the people they saw on the way. At last they came to a beautiful park. When the gingerbread man saw what a beautiful place it was, he decided to get out and walk through it.

So out he jumped from the wagon, tipped his little peppermint hat and said:

"Good-day to you, kind sir, I say.
May we meet again some other day."

The man laughed and rode away, and the gingerbread man went on into the park.

Soon he met a dog. "Good morning, cookie," said the dog.

"I'm not a cookie. I'm a gingerbread man."

"Is that so?" said the dog. "Well, whatever you are, you look good enough to eat." And with that he sniffed at the little gingerbread man's legs. "And you smell good enough to eat, too."

Then the gingerbread man's heart danced a regular two step, but he knew he must be brave, so he said:

"Talk, talk, as much as you can,
You can't frighten me, I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man,
A horse, a cow, a field full of mowers and a barn full of threshers.
I'm perfectly safe with you, I know;
You may not want me to know it, though."

"Yes, yes, you are perfectly safe with me," said the dog. "I'll take you around and show you the park."

So the dog and the gingerbread man went all over the park, and whenever a small boy or girl looked longingly at the gingerbread man the dog made them scamper away in fright.

When the sun got high in the sky, the dog said, "When the sun gets right there, I know it is time for my dinner, so I guess I'll have to say good-bye."

Then the gingerbread man patted the dog's shaggy back and said:

"Good-day to you, kind dog, I say,
May we meet again some other day."

By this time the gingerbread man had seen all over the park, so he walked out into the street. He had not gone far before he met a little boy. The boy was in a little cart and the nurse was pulling him.

"See the sweet cake," said the boy. "I want it."

"That is not good to eat," said the nurse.

The gingerbread man chuckled to himself, for he knew just how good he was down under his gingerbread crust. But he hoped the boy would believe the nurse, for the little gingerbread man wanted a ride in the cart, as walking was becoming very tiresome.

"I do not want to eat it. I just want to hold it," said the boy.

So the nurse picked up the gingerbread man and put him in the cart. When he was comfortably seated, he and the little boy began to talk. They talked about the grass and the clover, the bees and the birds.

At last the little boy said, "I do believe you are good to eat, for when I wet my finger and put it on your face, my finger tastes very sweet."

This made the gingerbread man's heart

jump and cut up all sorts of capers. But he knew that if ever there was a time for bravery, it was now, so he said:

"Talk, talk, as much as you can,
You can't frighten me, I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man,
A horse, a cow, a field full of mowers and a barn full of threshers.
I'm perfectly safe with you, I know;
You may not want me to know it, though."

The gingerbread man looked so funny with his face all smeared by the little boy's wet fingers that the child only laughed and said:

"No, I will not eat you. I love you too much."

So they rode on until they came to a baker's shop and they went in, for this was the little boy's home and his father was a baker. When the baker saw the gingerbread man, he was delighted.

"This will draw trade," he said.

The baker stood the gingerbread man in the window where he stayed for a long, long time. In fact, he stayed there until he thought it was the best home in the world, for he liked to watch the boys and girls outside. One thing he didn't like was the fact that he did not get much chance to talk. He talked so little that he almost lost his voice.

One day a little old woman came into the shop.

"I do believe," said the gingerbread man, "that that is the little old woman who made me. I wonder if she will see me."

Then he coughed so hard that he burst two of the currant buttons off his coat. But that did not matter, for the next moment he was in the little old woman's hands and she was

loving him and caressing him and calling him all the dear names she knew.

And what do you think? Why, he went home with the little old woman and lived with her and the little old man until they were so old that they wore out. And when they were so old that they wore out, the gingerbread man crumbled all to pieces, for he was so old by that time that he had worn out, too.

IX

The Little Red Hen

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a little red hen. She was different from other hens you have seen, for she lived in a little house. She had a little bed in which she slept, a little stove on which she cooked, a little table at which she ate and some beautiful little dishes on which she placed her food when she had cooked it.

Now, over the hill from the little red hen's house there lived a fox. The fox had a little house, too, and he lived here with his mother.

The fox and the little red hen had had many arguments over which was the greater.

The little red hen felt sure she could do more clever tricks than the fox, and the fox thought there was not a doubt but that he was far more clever than the little red hen.

The little red hen was very careful to lock her door whenever she left her house, for she was afraid the fox would get into the house and frighten her.

One day she went out to her little wood-pile to get wood to make a fire, for it was supper-time and she wanted a cup of tea. She forgot to lock her door, and the fox, who was watching from behind a tree, crept into the house. He hid under the bed and chuckled to himself as he lay there, for he felt sure that he could now prove his greatness.

When the little red hen had picked up an apronful of sticks, she came in and locked

the door. When she leaned over to make the fire out jumped the fox.

How frightened the little red hen was, but she took time to think out a way of escape. Quickly she flew up to a beam.

Now it was the fox's turn to think. He sat for a few minutes winking and blinking his eyes, then he began running round and round after his tail.

The little red hen looked at him so long that she became dizzy. This way and that way she swayed until at last—down she fell, right at the fox's feet.

The fox grabbed her and put her into a large bag. When he had tied the bag securely he left the house and ran off as fast as he could go towards his own home.

"I wonder where he is taking me," said the little red hen to herself.

The fox had not gone far before he felt tired. "I'll just stop and rest under this large tree," he said. And putting the bag down on the ground, he stretched himself out on the grass.

It was not long before he was fast asleep. When the little red hen heard his deep breathing, she took her scissors from her pocket and cut a hole in the bag. She crept out without making any noise. Then she put a large stone in the bag and sewed up the hole she had made. When she had done this, she nodded her head to the sleeping fox and said, "Good-bye, Mr. Fox, I am off for my home."

By and by the fox woke up. "Have I been asleep?" he asked himself. "I must hurry or I shall be late to my dinner."

So off he went faster than ever. The stone

"Good-bye, Mr. Fox."—*Page 140.*

hurt his back and he found it harder to travel than he had before.

"How heavy this little red hen is," thought he. "She thinks she is clever but I'll show her. I'll show her."

And he went on towards his home, fully determined to prove to the little red hen that he was not only more clever than she, but also more clever than any other animal.

The Little Red Hen

What Happened Then

I AM sure that the old fox never intended, for a minute, to boil the little red hen and have her for supper. Even if he had intended such a thing, I do not think his mother would have allowed it. He *did* want

very much to catch her, for it worried him no little to have such a clever hen running around.

You know all about how he crept up to her house and caught her when she fell to the floor. You know, too, how the little red hen fooled him and got out of the bag and put a large stone in her place.

"My, my, how heavy this little red hen is," said the old fox, as he trudged up the long hill to his home.

His mother was watching for him at the door.

"What have you in your bag, my son?" she asked.

"I have the little red hen, Mother," said the fox.

"What are you going to do with her, my son?" she asked.

"I have not decided yet, Mother," said the fox, "but you had better prepare some supper for her. I'll leave her in this bag until the food is ready."

So the old mother fox bustled around and made a good supper for the little red hen. She baked a fine loaf of bread and made a pan of hot mush. For her son and herself she cooked some crisp bacon and hot potatoes.

When all was ready, she called, "Come, my son. Your supper is ready and so is the food for the little red hen."

Then the fox took up the bag and when he untied it he found that instead of the little red hen he had only a large, rough stone. He was so outdone that he threw the stone into a large kettle of soup which his mother had boiling on the stove. Then he rushed off for the little red hen's house.

And what do you think he found when he arrived there? Why, the door to the house was open and the little red hen was as busy as busy could be preparing a fine supper. The odor of it made the fox smack his lips as he came up to the door.

"What are you doing?" asked the fox in a gruff voice.

"I am preparing the best supper you ever tasted for my friend, the fox," answered the little red hen.

You can imagine how surprised the fox was, for he had not expected kindness from the little red hen.

So he sat down outside the door while the little red hen kept busy about her work. All the while she kept whispering to herself: "I'll see what kindness will do."

Soon the supper was ready. How good

the toast and bacon smelled! The fox ate greedily, for he was very hungry. While he ate he talked to the little red hen.

When they had finished their meal, they shook hands and parted the very best of friends, and ever since that the little red hen has gone where she chooses, knowing that she has not an enemy in all the world.

When the fox reached home, he found the kettle of soup standing on the table and he and his mother both decided after eating it that a stone in the soup gives a very pleasant flavor. Since that time flintstone soup has always been a favorite dish with the fox family.

X

The Three Bears

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there were three bears who lived in a little house in the woods. One of the bears was a little wee bear, and one was a middle-sized bear, and the other was a great huge bear.

They each had a bowl for their porridge. There was a little wee bowl for the little wee bear, a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear, and a great huge bowl for the great huge bear. They each had a chair to sit in. There was a little wee chair for the little wee bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a great huge chair for the great

huge bear. And they each had a bed to sleep in at night. There was a little wee bed for the little wee bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a great huge bed for the great huge bear.

One day after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and had poured it into the porridge bowls to cool, they walked out into the woods. And while they were walking, a little girl named Little Silver Hair came to the house. She had never seen the little house before, and it was such a strange place that she forgot all the things her mother had told her about being polite. First she looked in at the window, then she peeped in at the keyhole, and, seeing no one in the house, she lifted the latch and walked in. The bears never fastened their doors, for they had never done any one any harm, and they did not

think any one would trouble them. So Little Silver Hair opened the door and went in. She was much pleased when she saw the porridge on the table, for she was quite hungry.

First, she tasted the great huge bear's porridge, and that was too hot for her. Then she tasted the middle-sized bear's porridge, and that was too cold for her. Then she tasted the little wee bear's porridge, and that was neither too hot nor too cold for her, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then Little Silver Hair sat down in the great huge bear's chair, and that was too hard for her. Next she sat down in the middle-sized bear's chair, and that was too soft for her. Then she sat down in the little wee bear's chair, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated

herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came upon the floor.

Then Little Silver Hair went up-stairs into the bedroom in which the three bears slept. First, she lay down upon the great huge bear's bed, but that was too high at the head for her. Next she lay down upon the middle-sized bear's bed, but that was too high at the foot for her. Then she lay down on the little wee bear's bed, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself with the pretty spread and went fast to sleep.

By this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. When they came in, they went to the table to eat their porridge.

"Somebody has been meddling with my

porridge," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Somebody has been meddling with my porridge," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

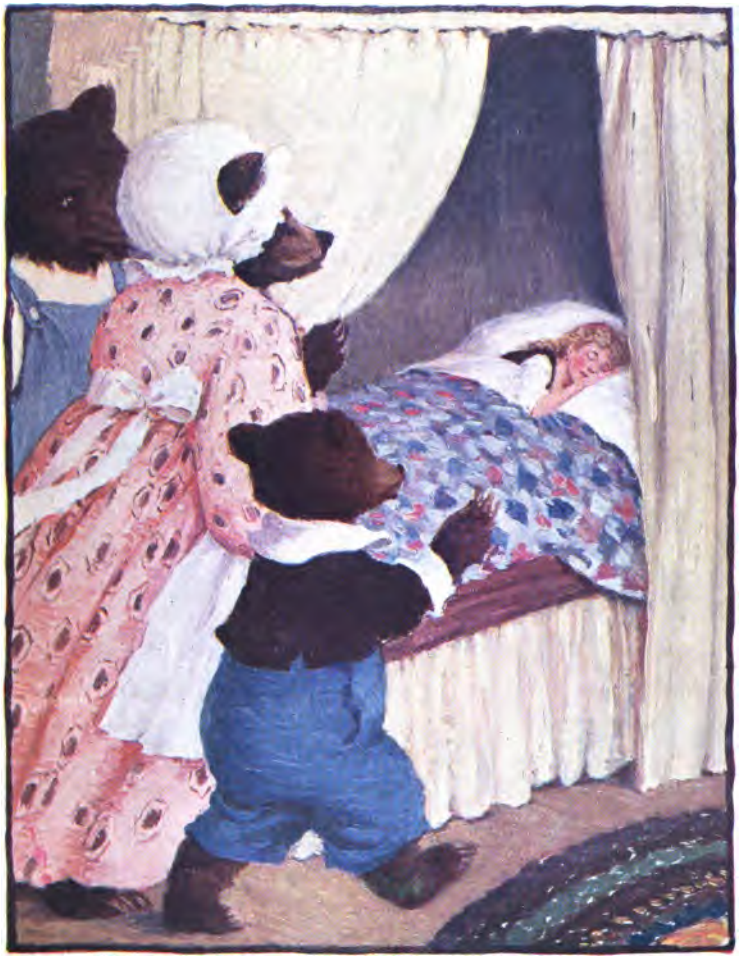
"Somebody has been meddling with my porridge, and has eaten it all up," said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

When the bears saw that some one had entered the house and meddled with their things, they began to look about.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out," said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.



"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!"—*Page 151.*

Then the bears went up-stairs to the bedroom. Now Little Silver Hair had pulled the pillows out of place and had made the beds look very untidy.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

Now when they came up to the little wee bear's bed, there was Little Silver Hair fast asleep.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!" said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

The talking awakened Little Silver Hair. When she saw the three bears standing there, she was so frightened that she jumped out of bed and ran down the steps.

The great huge bear called out in his great huge voice, but she did not stop. She ran straight home to her mother.

The Three Bears

What Happened Then

When Little Silver Hair ran home from the bears' house, she was so frightened that she did not know what to do. When she reached home she was so quiet and sat so listlessly in the corner that her mother felt sure that her little girl had been in mischief, but she did not say anything until the time came for Little Silver Hair to say her prayers. Then she said:

"Have you done anything to-day that you ought to tell Mother about?"

Little Silver Hair hung her head, but as she was a truthful child, she told her mother all about her visit to the bears' house.

"And you ate all the porridge which had been prepared for the little wee bear's breakfast; you broke the chair of the little wee bear, and disarranged all the beds in the house?" asked the mother.

"Yes," said Little Silver Hair, "I did all that."

"Well," said the mother, "you can go to bed and go to sleep now, but to-morrow we must think of some way to make all this right."

Then she kissed Little Silver Hair good-night and told her that they would think it out together the next morning.

And what do you suppose they decided Little Silver Hair ought to do? Why, that

she ought to go all alone to the little house in the woods where the bears lived and tell them that she had come to right all the mischief she had done and leave it to them to tell her the best way to do it.

Little Silver Hair walked very cautiously as she neared the bears' house, for she still remembered the great, gruff, rough voice of the great huge bear and she was not quite sure how he would feel about all the mischief she had done. So it was a very timid knock which announced to the bears that there was company at their door.

"Who is there?" said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Who is there?" said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"Who is there?" said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

"It is Little Silver Hair. I have come to tell you something," answered a timid voice.

"Come in," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Come in," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"Come in," said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

When Little Silver Hair opened the door, she saw that the three bears were at breakfast. The great huge bear was eating porridge from the great huge bowl. The middle-sized bear was eating porridge from the middle-sized bowl, and the little wee bear was eating porridge from the little wee bowl.

The porridge smelled very good indeed, and Little Silver Hair found that after her long walk she was very, very hungry. But she

did not have much time to think about this, for as soon as the bears saw her, they all began talking at once.

"This is the little girl who meddled with my porridge," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"This is the little girl who rumpled the cushions in my chair," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"This is the little girl who slept in my bed," said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

"That is what I came for," said Little Silver Hair. "I came to make it all right, and I want you to tell me just what I can do so it will be just the same as if I had not done all these things."

"Well," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice, "we should like very much to go

to a picnic to-day over in the far woods, but there are so many things to be done in this little house in the woods that we have about decided not to go.

"You see, you made some very bad spots on our clean floor when you spilled the porridge. The little wee bear's chair has to be mended and the beds are all disarranged. We are tidy bears, so we had decided to stay at home to-day. If you are willing, we shall be glad if you will attend to all these things for us and we shall go to the picnic just as we should have done had you not visited us yesterday."

"I shall be glad to do it," said Little Silver Hair, happy in the thought that the three bears were going away, for she did not like the sound of the great huge bear's voice.

"We shall have time to walk on very

slowly and get there before dinner," said the great huge bear in a great huge voice.

"Suppose we go the long way and have a pleasant walk," said the middle-sized bear in a middle-sized voice.

"And I can swing and play ball," said the little wee bear in a little wee voice.

It was only a short while before they were on their way. The great huge bear walked in front, the middle-sized bear walked in the middle, and the little wee bear walked behind.

As soon as they were out of sight, Little Silver Hair looked for the broom, for first the little house in the woods must be swept clean.

She first tried the great huge bear's broom, but that was too heavy for her. Then she tried the middle-sized bear's broom, but that was too long for her. Then she tried the little wee bear's broom, and that was just right

for her, so she swept and swept and swept until the house was as clean as a pin.

Then she tried to mend the little wee bear's chair. She had some trouble finding the bears' tool-chest, but at last she found it under the great huge bear's bed.

First she tried to drive the nails with the great huge bear's hammer, but that was too big for her. Then she tried the middle-sized bear's hammer, but that was too heavy for her. Then she tried the little wee bear's hammer, and that was just right for her, so she mended the seat and made the chair as good as new.

Then she made the great huge bear's bed, the middle-sized bear's bed and the little wee bear's bed.

By this time Little Silver Hair was very, very hungry, so she went into the kitchen and

made a great huge cake for the great huge bear, a middle-sized cake for the middle-sized bear, a little wee cake for the little wee bear, and a silver-frosted cake for Little Silver Hair.

Just as she was putting the cakes on the table, in walked the three bears. They were so pleased when they saw how neat and clean their house was that they made Little Silver Hair sit down and eat supper with them.

When they had finished and Little Silver Hair was ready to go home, the middle-sized bear went to the cupboard and gave her a bag of little bear cakes.

Little Silver Hair often visited the little house in the woods after that, for she was no longer afraid of the bears.

XI

The Bremen Town Musicians

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a donkey who had carried heavy burdens when he was young, but as he was now old, his strength had failed and he could not work so hard as he once had. One night as he was lying on his bed of straw in the stable, he heard his master say:

"I must certainly get rid of this useless beast. He can no longer carry heavy loads, so I shall turn him out to-morrow and use his stall for a more useful animal."

The donkey felt very sad when he heard

this, but he determined that he would not stay in the stall and be turned out on the morrow, but would go while he was still able to travel.

"I may not be able to carry heavy loads," said the donkey, "but I can still bray finely and I know the way to Bremen, so I'll go there and be a town musician."

So, as the moon was shining brightly, he started off. He had not gone far before he met a hound who was running as fast as he could. The dog's tongue was hanging out and he seemed anxious to escape some punishment, for he kept looking behind him as if he were pursued.

"Hello, my good friend," said the donkey. "Why do you run so rapidly? Can't you stop and chat with me a while?"

"No, I cannot waste time," said the dog. "My master may be just around the bend in

the road now. He has just beaten me until my back aches because I failed to watch his barn properly when one of his horses was stolen."

"Do you want to earn a respectable living?" asked the donkey.

"I certainly do," said the dog, "but I do not know how."

"Can you howl and bark?" asked the donkey.

In answer to this question the dog began to howl and bark so loud that his master certainly would have heard had he been near.

"That will do," said the donkey. "Come on with me to Bremen and we will be town musicians."

So the donkey and the dog went on towards Bremen. Soon they came to a cat that was sitting on a fence and crying pitifully.

"What is the matter with you, Old Whiskers?" asked the donkey.

"O dear," cried the cat, "I am so worried I do not know what to do. Now that I am old, my teeth are blunt and I do not catch so many rats and mice as I once did; therefore my mistress says she intends to drown me. I have run away, but I do not know what will become of me."

"Cheer up!" said the donkey. "Come with me to Bremen and become a town musician. You have a fine voice and no doubt will make a great success."

So the donkey, the dog, and the cat went on towards Bremen. Soon they came to a rooster that was flapping his wings and crowing as if he would split his throat.

"What is the matter with you, Old Red Comb?" asked the donkey.

"Matter enough," said the rooster. "Company is coming to-morrow and my mistress says she is going to kill me and make me into soup. So I am crowing with all my might while I can."

"Oh, do not be made into soup," said the donkey. "Come with us. We are going to Bremen to be town musicians. You have a powerful voice."

"Very well," said the rooster. "I will gladly join you."

So the donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster went on towards Bremen.

Just before the dawn of day, which is said to be the darkest hour of the night, the rooster saw a bright light in the distance.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he sang out. "There is a bright light not far away."

"Let us go there and see what it is," said

the donkey. "Perhaps the light is in a house and we can find something to eat."

Then they all set off towards the light, which grew brighter every moment. At last they came to a robber's house. In one window there was a bright light.

"I am the tallest," said the donkey. "I will look in."

"What do you see?" asked the dog.

"I see a table spread with the best things to eat. Several men are sitting around the table eating and drinking."

"I wish we could have some of the good things to eat," said the cat.

"If we are to be town musicians," said the donkey, "it is not too early to begin to practise. Suppose we sing for the robbers and they may treat us to some of their good food."

They all agreed that this was an excellent

The robbers were frightened by the noise.—*Page 167.*

plan, so the donkey placed his fore feet on the window ledge; the dog sprang on the donkey's back; the cat climbed upon the dog's back and the rooster flew up and stood on the cat's head. Then they all gave their best selection. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed.

The robbers were frightened by the noise, but when they looked out of the window and saw the donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster, one on top of the other, they thought some terrible goblin had appeared, and they ran from the house in terror.

The four musicians had not expected their music to have this effect, and the surprise pleased them very much, for they could now have not only a good meal, but also a house to live in.

They sat down to the table and all of them found enough to satisfy their hunger. When they had eaten all they desired, they put out the light and went to bed. The donkey lay down in the yard just outside the door; the dog stretched out behind the door; the cat curled up on the hearth where she could keep warm, and the rooster flew up on a beam.

As soon as everything was quiet in the house, the robbers came back to see what had frightened them. They sent one of the men in while the rest waited outside. When the man went into the kitchen to strike a light, he saw the green eyes of the cat peering at him from the hearth. Thinking they were coals of fire, he held his match to them. The cat flew into his face, spitting and scratching. The robber lost no time in rushing towards the door, but here the dog ran at

him and bit his leg. As he rushed through the yard, the donkey kicked him, and the rooster, which had been awakened by so much noise, thought it was time to sing again and called out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The man rushed back to the other robbers who were waiting behind a tree. "I will never go into that house again," he declared. "In the kitchen is a dreadful witch who scratched my face and blew her hot breath in my eyes. By the door is a man who stabbed me in the leg with a long knife. Just outside the door is a watchman who beat me with a wooden club. In addition to all this, a troublesome goblin was perched up on a beam and cried out, 'Now–what–will–you–do? Now–what–will–you–do?' As if I could do anything after such treatment."

When the robbers heard all this, they left

the place and never returned. The Bremen town musicians liked the house so well that they decided to live there.

The Bremen Town Musicians

What Happened Then

I AM sure that you have always wanted to know how the town musicians spent their time after they took possession of the robbers' house in the woods.

It is true that the donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster were all very old, but they still had many days to live and they were not contented to live those days in idleness.

After they had satisfied their hunger and had had sufficient sleep, they all sat around the open fire and debated how they could do

the most good in the few years still left to them.

"I can do one thing well," said the donkey. "I can still carry a good-sized load when it is securely fastened to my back."

"I am still a fairly good watch-dog," said the hound, "even though my master seemed to doubt it."

"And I," said the cat, "can still bring in sufficient game for all of us, if you will be content with mice and small birds."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the rooster. "I can waken you in the morning and send you about your work in good time. I can also scratch a deep hole in the ground. Some day I may be of service."

"I am sure the robbers will never trouble us again," said the donkey, "so we are safe."

"There is one I fear more than the robbers,

and that is Smirre Fox,"[1] said the rooster. "We must be always watchful for his appearance."

So the four decided to live in the little house in the woods and each "do his bit" for the common good.

Early every morning the rooster awakened the household. Every morning the donkey brought in wood for the fire. Every day the cat brought in food for the four, and when night came, the dog took his place at the door and proved that he was still useful.

All went well until the cold winter forced Smirre Fox to make his home in the woods near the little house.

One day while the cat was crouching beneath a tree, ready to spring on a flock of

[1] The name of Smirre Fox as given to a member of the fox family was coined by Selma Lagerlöf. It means sly and cunning.

birds, he saw a sleek gray creature approaching him.

Now the cat had always associated with polite creatures, so he forgot his birds and spoke pleasantly to Smirre Fox.

"Good morning! This is rather cold weather we are having."

"Yes," said the fox, "a little cold for one so thinly clad." And he gave the cat a little nudge in the side.

"Thin and old," he said to himself. "Not much dinner there."

"Where do you live?" asked the fox.

"In a little house farther up in the woods," said the cat.

"Do you live by yourself?" asked the fox, for he had fully decided that he might as well get busy, if there was nothing better for his dinner than this cat.

"Oh, no," said the cat. "I live with a donkey, a dog, and a rooster."

"I think I shall go home with you and visit a while with you and your friends," said Smirre Fox.

"I shall be glad to have you for a guest," said the cat, making a low bow. "But first I must catch something for dinner. What is your favorite dish?"

At first Smirre Fox was tempted to reply that a donkey, a cat, a dog, or a rooster would make an appetizing dinner, but, thinking it would not be well to say this, he answered, "Oh, almost anything suits my appetite, Dame Cat."

So after catching a good supply of young birds, the cat and the fox started towards the little house in the woods.

When they arrived they found the donkey,

the dog, and the rooster anxiously awaiting the cat's return. The donkey and the dog seemed glad to make the acquaintance of Smirre Fox, but the rooster appeared ill at ease.

After a short while the rooster said he had a little work out back of the house which must be done before dinner.

No one noticed that Smirre Fox smacked his lips covetously as he watched the rooster leave the room, and no one knew that he had already decided which one of the little party he liked best.

When the rooster was outside the door, he shook his head knowingly and said, "Oh, yes, Smirre Fox, I know you, and I'll make short work of your chicken dinner." Then he began scratching in the soft earth. Oh, how the dirt did fly! When he had dug

quite a deep hole, he went to the door and called the donkey outside.

"That creature in there is no other than Smirre Fox. He is only waiting to make a good dinner of us," said the rooster. "I have decided to trap him, and for this purpose I have dug a deep hole in the back yard. You must help me trap him. I will tie to you the old iron kettle, which lies outside our back door, and when I have lured Smirre Fox into the hole, you are to drag the kettle over it and make him a prisoner. Then, in order to gain his freedom, he will promise us almost anything."

The donkey was only too glad to help, and when the kettle had been tied to him, he dragged it to the edge of the hole and waited for the time to come to do the rest of his work.

Then the rooster went into the house. "You must know, Smirre Fox," he said, "that we are called the town musicians and we always entertain our guests with our songs before we dine. Come out into the back yard and we will all sing our best songs for you."

The fox was much pleased with this and listened attentively while the donkey brayed out his best song. Then the dog howled his song and the cat whined hers.

When it came time for the rooster to do his part of the entertaining, he took his place just back of the hole he had dug.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he began. But he looked so tempting that Smirre Fox just could not wait and he rushed forward after him. Crash! and down he went into the hole. The donkey quickly drew the

iron kettle over the hole and Smirre Fox was a prisoner.

Oh, how the fox begged to get out! "Make me one promise," said the rooster, "and you shall get out, otherwise you shall remain a prisoner."

"I will gladly make you any promise you ask," said Smirre Fox.

"Promise me," said the rooster, "that you will leave this country for good and never bother us again."

Smirre Fox gladly promised, and when he was released, he crept quietly away and the town musicians lived to a good old age and were never again troubled by any of the fox family.

XII

Jack and the Bean-Stalk

What Had Already Happened

IN the long, long time ago there lived in a country village of England a widow and her only son.

The widow was an industrious woman and tried hard to train her son to be a good boy, but Jack was very wilful and caused his mother much worry. She would put him to weeding the garden, and as soon as her back was turned, Jack would be off playing, forgetting all about his work.

Soon they became very poor. One by one all the animals on the farm had been sold

until there was nothing left but one cow, with which the widow hated to part.

One day she called Jack to her and said, "My son, I want you to take the cow to market for me. We cannot starve, so we must sell her. With the money I can buy meat and bread. Now, be very careful, for if anything should happen to the cow I do not know where you and I would get a crumb to eat."

So Jack started off for the market. He had not gone far when he met a butcher.

"Where are you going with your cow?" asked the butcher.

"I am going to the market to sell her," said Jack.

"How much will you take for her?" asked the butcher.

"How much will you give?" questioned Jack.

"She is not a very good cow," said the butcher. "She is thin and I could not get very much meat from her, but in order to save you the long walk to the market, I will give you all the beans I have in this small bag."

Jack looked into the bag and saw some very odd-looking beans. "The very thing for my bean-shooter," thought Jack.

"Yes, I will trade," said Jack.

So he gave the butcher the cow and took the beans. He was so eager to get home to use the beans in his bean-shooter that he ran every step of the way. When he came in at the door, he called out, "Oh, look, Mother, at what I got for the cow!"

When the poor woman saw only a few beans, she was so outdone that she burst into tears.

"You bad boy," she said. "To think that the cow is gone and we have not even a little milk for our supper."

Then she threw the beans out of the window and sent Jack to bed.

Jack awoke early the next morning, for he had planned to go out and get the beans before his mother got up. It seemed very dark in the room to him, so he went to the window to see if it was really morning. There he saw a very strange thing.

The beans had taken root and had grown up higher than the tree-tops. The stalks were as thick as tree-trunks and each had many branches. Jack ran in to tell his mother and together they went out to take a closer look at this wonderful bean-stalk.

"I want to climb to the top of it," said Jack.

"No, no," said his mother, "such a queer bean-stalk must be enchanted. Do not trouble with it."

But Jack was already several feet up the largest stalk. He called back to his mother that he would soon be down, and nimbly went on up out of sight.

How high that bean-stalk was! Jack went up above the tops of the houses; above the tallest trees; above the spires of the churches, and still a little higher up. At last he came to the top.

When he reached the top he came to a strange country which he had never seen before. He could not see a tree or a plant growing anywhere. He could not see a living person. There was not a house in sight.

Jack sat down on a pile of stones and wished he had not left his home. He was very hun-

gry, for the night before he had gone to bed without any supper. If some one would only come he would not feel so lonely. This thought had scarcely time to flit through his mind when he saw a lady walking towards him.

He was so glad to see her that he ran to meet her. Not knowing that she was a fairy, Jack took off his cap and made a low bow. The fairy smiled, and he thought that he had never before seen any one quite so lovely.

"You need not tell me how you got up here, Jack," she said, "for I know quite well. Those were fairy beans which grew into the wonderful bean-stalk. In fact, I think I know more about you than you know yourself. I can prove this to you by asking you one question. Do you know anything about your father?"

Jack took off his cap and made a low bow.—*Page 184.*

"No," said Jack, "I do not. When I speak of him to my mother, she always cries, but she tells me nothing."

"She does not dare," said the fairy. "I will tell you why. You know, of course, that I am a fairy. I know all about your father. He was a good, kind man. He had money and friends, but one of his friends was false. He was a giant. He killed your father and took all his money. He told your mother that she must never tell you. If she did, then the giant would kill her and kill you, too. This is the giant's country you are in. All that he has is really yours, for he took it from your father. You must conquer the giant. Keep on this road until you come to a great castle. It is best that you go at once, for it is a long journey."

Jack started out with a great deal of reluc-

tance, for the thought of a giant frightened him. He walked all day, and just as the sun was setting, he came to the castle.

When he reached the castle he saw a woman standing in the doorway. Jack did not think for a moment who the woman might be. His first question was, "My kind woman, will you please give me something to eat?"

The woman seemed much surprised and said, "Are you not afraid to come to the very door of a giant's house? My husband, the giant, is away now, but he will soon return. If he should see you, there would be no chance for me to save you."

Jack was very much frightened, but he was determined not to give up, so he said: "Can't you find some place to hide me?"

"Come in quickly then," said the giant's wife, "and I will give you some supper and

hide you until the giant comes and goes again. Then you must leave the castle and never come near it again."

So she led the way through the long hall to a large dining-room where a table was spread with many good things to eat. Jack ate heartily, for he was very hungry. He had almost forgotten that there was such a person as a giant when he heard a loud shout. The giant's wife turned pale.

"Jump into the oven. It is quite cold," she said.

So Jack jumped into the oven and lay very still. There was a small round hole in one side, so he could look out and see what was going on in the room.

The giant came in with a great deal of noise. He sat down to the table and ate until Jack wondered how one could hold so much. At

last the giant's hunger seemed satisfied and he leaned back and called in a loud voice:

"Bring me my hen!"

His wife brought a beautiful hen to him and placed it on the table.

"Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen laid a beautiful golden egg.

"Lay another!" ordered the giant.

This time the hen laid a larger egg than before. But the giant was not contented with these two eggs. He continued to order his hen to lay until there were as many as a dozen eggs on the table.

Soon the giant fell asleep. When Jack heard his loud breathing he crept out of the oven and seized the hen. He left the house very quietly and ran down the road until he came to the bean-stalk. It did not take him long to climb down, for he was anxious to

show his mother what a wonderful hen he had obtained.

Jack's mother was very glad to see him, for she had worried a great deal over his long absence.

"See, Mother," said Jack, "what a valuable hen I have."

"Where did you get it?" asked his mother.

"I got it from the giant who took all my father's riches, and I am going to get more and conquer the giant. All that he has is ours, for I have seen one who knows all about it."

The mother was much frightened when she learned that Jack had really been in the giant's castle, for she feared this giant very much. She was delighted with the hen and the golden eggs, which soon provided her with plenty of money.

After a few days Jack determined to visit the castle again. His mother begged him not to go, for she feared the giant's wife would recognize him. Jack, however, was determined and, after changing his clothes and staining his face and hands, he resembled but little the boy who had so recently made the acquaintance of the giant's wife.

When he reached the castle he asked for food and a place to sleep.

"No, I cannot let you in," said the giant's wife. "I let a boy in last week and he ran away with my husband's hen."

But Jack begged so hard that at last she let him in. This time he had but little chance to eat, for the giant came as soon as he was seated at the table. The giant's wife hid Jack in a closet just in time, for as the giant came in at the door, he shouted:

"Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh, it is only the sheep I am roasting for your supper," said his wife.

This explanation seemed to satisfy the giant, and he sat down and ate a hearty supper. When he had finished, he said, "Wife, bring me my money-bags."

The patient woman brought two very heavy bags of money to the giant and then went to bed.

The giant counted all the money over twice and then put it carefully back into the bags. One bag was filled with gold and the other was filled with silver.

Jack watched him, saying to himself, "That is really my father's money."

By and by the giant grew tired. He lay back in his chair, and soon his loud breathing made Jack know that he was sound

asleep. So Jack stole quietly out of the closet, and taking the two heavy bags of money, hastened out of the castle. As he ran he heard a dog barking furiously in a room near by, but no one pursued him and he soon reached the bean-stalk, for he had found a shorter path than the one by which he had first reached the castle.

Jack did not visit the castle again for several years. The hen furnished his mother and him with plenty to live on, and the contents of the money-bags gave them many luxuries.

One bright summer morning a strong desire came over him to see the castle again, so again he climbed the bean-stalk and knocked at the castle door. The giant's wife did not know him, but he had hard work to make her let him in.

This time he had a chance to eat a hearty supper, and then as the giant was coming, he was hidden in a copper boiler. The giant was in a great rage when he entered the house.

"I smell fresh meat," he cried, "and I intend to find it." He looked into the oven, and into the closet and then he came to the copper boiler.

Jack was very much frightened and thought that all of his adventure was at an end. But the giant did not lift the lid of the boiler. He sat down by the fire and ordered his supper to be served.

When supper was over the giant told his wife to bring his harp. Jack raised the lid of the boiler just the least bit and saw a most beautiful harp. It was made of solid gold. The giant placed it on the table and ordered

it to play. Of its own accord it played the sweetest music Jack had ever heard.

Soon the giant began to nod and it was not long before he was fast asleep. Then Jack crept out of the boiler and seized the harp. He ran out of the house with it. But the harp was enchanted and called out loudly, "Master! Master!" This awakened the giant and he rushed after Jack.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted. "If you do not stop, I will make you sorry when I catch you."

But Jack did not stop. He ran as fast as he could to the bean-stalk and reached the bottom just as the giant was starting down.

Jack's mother was very happy when she saw him, out when she saw the giant coming after him, she was dreadfully frightened.

"Bring me an ax!" shouted Jack.

His mother lost no time in obeying him and Jack cut the bean-stalk down close to the roots. Down came the giant crashing to the ground. And what do you think happened? Just read what comes next and find out.

Jack and the Bean-Stalk

What Happened Then

WHY, of course, Jack did not kill the giant when he came tumbling down the bean-stalk, and neither was the giant killed by the fall.

It seems very strange that you have never before heard that when a giant falls from a great height it never kills him, but reduces him to the natural size of a man. When a Lilliputian, who is a very, very tiny person, falls from a great height, it changes him to the natural size also.

And that is just what happened to the giant when he tumbled head first down the bean-stalk. He was no longer a giant in size and strength, but just an ordinary man like Jack.

Now that the giant and Jack were both the same size, they agreed that whichever one could prove himself the more clever should be the owner of the castle and all that it contained.

"If you outwit me," said the giant, "you shall possess the castle and everything that has been mine. But if I succeed in outwitting you, then I shall continue to possess them without interference."

So they separated and on the next day they met again. It chanced that the giant came up just as Jack was currying his horse. When Jack saw him, he became fearful lest the giant might try to take from him a bag

of gold pieces which he had in his pocket. So he quickly fastened the bag of money under the long, thick mane of his horse.

When the giant came up, Jack was busily smoothing down the glossy sides of the animal.

"Good morning," said the giant.

"Good morning," responded Jack.

Now the giant had planned to outwit Jack this very morning.

"That is a beautiful horse you are tending," said the giant. "Has she much spirit?"

"I should say so," said Jack, and he tickled her flank with a small stick. Then such antics as the horse performed! She jumped and stood up on her hind legs. In her capering, she loosened the bag of gold and, piece by piece, it all fell to the ground.

"Oh, see!" cried the giant.

"Yes," said Jack, "this horse is invaluable. I have only to tickle her flank and she will drop gold down to me."

"That is really quite wonderful," said the giant.

Now the giant was so surprised that he did not play the trick he had planned.

The next morning the horse was missing from Jack's stable. When Jack found that she was gone, he felt quite sure that the giant had borrowed her, hoping to get some gold pieces for himself. So Jack hastened to the house where the giant had consented to stay until the test of wits was finished. When he reached there he found that his suspicions were true.

As he neared the house he heard loud noises and occasional demands of "Drop it! Drop it!" On peeping in at the door, he

saw the giant whipping the horse and demanding, "Drop it! Drop the gold down for me!"

But, of course, the horse only kicked and reared up, and no gold was dropped.

When Jack entered the room the giant looked very much ashamed, and admitted, when he heard the story of the gold pieces, that, for once, he had been outwitted.

"But you will certainly give me another trial," said the giant.

"Oh, yes," said Jack. "One more trial, if you desire it."

So Jack led his horse back home and left the giant to make a plan to outwit him. But while the giant was planning, Jack also was busy.

When Jack arrived home, he took from his garden the largest and most perfect turnip

he could find. He hollowed this out until there was nothing left but the thin outside skin. He did this so cleverly that the turnip still retained its perfect shape. Then he filled a small bladder with blood and placed it in the turnip. When he finished, the turnip looked as if it had just been pulled from the ground, for he had put the green top back securely in place. He then planted the turnip in his garden.

When the giant came, as he did a few minutes later, Jack was inspecting his turnip patch.

"You have a fine patch of turnips, Jack," said the giant.

"Yes, indeed," said Jack. "I am expecting to get very, very rich from the sale of the turnips in this one field."

"How is that?" asked the giant. "Tur-

nips are not at all rare. I should not think that this whole field would be worth much."

"But these are not common turnips," said Jack. "The turnips in this field are filled with blood. If you bleed a turnip and drink a glass of the blood, you will never be ill again."

The giant, of course, did not believe this, so Jack pulled up the turnip he had just planted and, taking his knife from his pocket, he pricked the skin. Out flowed the rich, red blood. This quite convinced the giant of the truth of Jack's statement.

The next morning when Jack arose there was not a single turnip in the whole field. He felt sure that the giant had visited the turnip patch the night before, so he started off for his house.

When he reached the house, he looked in at the window, and what he saw made him laugh until his sides ached. The giant was fast asleep on the bed, worn out by his labors. On the floor were bushels and bushels of turnips, all slashed and punctured—but not a drop of blood could be seen.

Jack's laughter woke the giant, who had to admit that for the second time he had been outwitted.

"But you will certainly give me one more trial?" said the giant. "If you outwit me this time, I'll leave this country and everything I have shall be yours."

To this Jack agreed, and he returned home, leaving the giant to perfect his plan.

"I shall be rid of this troublesome Jack once for all," said the giant to himself. "As sure as the river flows he shall prove himself

a good swimmer or rest beneath its waves this time to-morrow."

So the giant procured a large sack. In this he placed a huge stone which he had covered with a bear's skin. With this sack on his back he sought Jack.

"Jack," he said, "I have just captured the queerest animal. It is perfectly round and is covered with the softest fur. I am sure it is quite a prize. Come with me to market that we may sell it."

"First," said Jack, "I must see the animal."

"That cannot be," said the giant, "for it is very active and I fear it will jump out of the bag."

"Oh, no," said Jack, "I shall be very careful. I shall open the bag only a little way and put my head in."

"Very well," said the giant, "but let me

stand behind you so that I may catch him, if by any chance he jumps out."

So Jack opened the bag and put his head in and saw what seemed to him to be a very queer animal.

"I'd like to feel him, too," said Jack, and in went his arms also.

"And you would doubtless like to live with him, too," said the giant, and with that he pushed Jack into the bag and securely fastened it. Then he started toward the river.

Jack felt sure that he would now have need of all his wits in order to free himself.

The giant, who now had no more strength than an ordinary man, soon tired of his heavy burden, so he sat down under a tree and went fast asleep. When Jack heard his loud breathing he took his knife from his pocket and, cutting the stitches in the bottom of the bag,

crawled out. He then put another stone inside the bag and sewed up the hole that he had cut. Then he walked on to the river.

Soon he saw the giant coming, groaning under his heavy burden. Into the river the giant dropped the bag, and went on home without even looking back.

When the giant reached home he sat down and congratulated himself that at last that troublesome Jack was out of his way. The giant was feeling very fine, indeed, when who should look in at the door but Jack himself.

"That is rather a dry river you put me into," said Jack.

The giant was so surprised to see Jack that he willingly consented to leave the country and he was never seen there again. And Jack and his mother lived happily ever after.

XIII

Hop O' My Thumb

What Had Already Happened

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter and his wife who lived in a small gray cottage on the edge of a forest. They had seven boys whom they never allowed to go alone into the forest, for it was rumored that a giant, who was also an ogre, lived where the trees grew the thickest.

When the youngest boy, who was a tiny lad, was just beginning to walk, his chief delight was in jumping over his father's thumb. Because of this, his father called him Hop O' My Thumb, which, you know, is a shorter

way of saying, Hop Over My Thumb. This name clung to him, and, as he did not grow rapidly, it was very appropriate.

Hop O' My Thumb was very bright even though he was small. In fact he was so much brighter than his older brothers that he was usually the leader in all their games.

Now, the wood-cutter and his wife had lost almost everything they had and were so poor that they did not know where they would find food for the next meal.

One night Hop O' My Thumb heard his father and mother talking.

"I am very much afraid that our children will starve if we keep them here," said the father.

"I have heard," said the mother, "that to the south side of the forest is the giant's house, but to the north side is the home of a

kind old fairy who takes all the children and baby animals she finds in the woods and cares for them. If we take our seven boys to the north side of the woods and leave them, she will find them and care for them until the spring comes when we can again plant our garden and raise something to eat."

"That is a good idea," said the father. "To-morrow we will leave them near her house."

Hop O' My Thumb did not much relish the idea of living in an old fairy's house. He much preferred his own father and mother and the gray cottage. So he crept out of bed and went down by the brook. Here he filled his pockets with small pebbles. The next day as they walked on through the forest he dropped the pebbles on the way.

The children had always considered it a

He dropped the pebbles on the way.—*Page 208.*

picnic to go with their parents into the woods, so they played and had great sport, while their father and mother went on farther to gather sticks. But as the hours passed by and their parents did not return, the oldest six boys began to cry. Hop O' My Thumb, however, was very confident that he could find his way home, so he comforted them by telling them that as soon as the sun set, he would show them the way home.

Just as the sun began to sink below the horizon, he said, "Come on, brothers, these old woods will soon be dark. Let us go on home."

It was not hard to find the way, for the pebbles guided them safely, and just as it was getting dark, the boys came in sight of their home. There was a bright light in the window and Hop O' My Thumb said, "Let

us steal up very quietly and see what Father and Mother are doing."

When they looked in at the window, they saw that their mother was crying and their father was trying to comfort her.

"If I had only known," she said, "that you would find these rabbits on your way home, I would never have consented to leave the children."

"But," argued the father, "these four rabbits will last but a short while and we should have to take the children to the kind old fairy sooner or later. I, too, wish they were here to-night, but as they are not, we will have to make the best of it."

"Here we are, Mother! Here we are!" shouted the boys, as they rushed into the house.

What a happy family they were! The

mother cooked the rabbits and they all had a regular feast. But alas, with such a hungry crowd four small rabbits could not last, and the next day they were as poor as ever.

Again the parents decided to lose the children in the forest so that the kind old fairy would find them. Again Hop O' My Thumb heard them talking. As the door was locked, there was no chance for him to steal out of the house this time, so he went to sleep, determined to get up in the morning and get a good supply of pebbles.

But Hop O' My Thumb's day in the woods had tired him out, and he slept later than usual. In fact, his brothers were all up and dressed when he felt some one shaking him and saying, "Get up! We are all going into the woods to gather sticks."

When Hop O' My Thumb opened his eyes,

he saw his mother standing over him with a small slice of bread for his breakfast.

It took real heroism for him to put the bread into his pocket instead of eating it, for he was very hungry, but as he had not provided himself with pebbles, he must have something to mark the way, and bread-crumbs would answer the purpose.

Again the father and mother led the children into the forest. Hop O' My Thumb lingered behind the others and here and there dropped a crumb along the way.

The other children half suspected that their father and mother would leave them in the forest, but they were very confident that Hop O' My Thumb would find the way home, so they played hide-and-seek among the trees and were not at all worried when their mother and father were out of their sight.

"Oh, see what I have found!" shouted Hop O' My Thumb as he pushed aside the grass and showed a nest full of partridge's eggs.

The boys built a fire and cooked the eggs. Then what a feast they had! There was one egg apiece and nothing had ever tasted quite so good to them.

As night came on, Hop O' My Thumb said, "Come on, boys! It is time we were starting home."

So off they started, but they found no crumbs to guide them. The birds had eaten them all and the poor children could not tell which way to go.

"If I could only see over these trees," said Hop O' My Thumb, "I could tell which way to go."

"Why don't you climb a tall tree?" asked one of the brothers.

As this seemed good advice, Hop O' My Thumb accepted it and climbed a very tall tree which reached far above the others.

North, east, west he looked, and then south. In the south he saw a bright light which looked as if it came from some great building.

"I see a bright light which comes from some house," he said as he slid down the tree trunk. "I do not think it is our house, but it may be the house of the kind old fairy. Suppose we go towards it."

It took the boys a long time to reach the house, but at last they knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange-looking woman.

"What do you want, my children?" she asked.

"We are seven brothers," said Hop O' My

Thumb, " and we are lost in the forest. Can't you let us come in and stay all night? "

" Do you know whose house this is? " asked the woman.

" It is the kind old fairy's house, isn't it? " said Hop O' My Thumb.

" Indeed, no," said the woman. " It is the giant's house. He is not at home just now, but even though I am his wife, I must confess that he is very cruel and I am afraid for him to see you."

The boys were very much frightened when they heard this. " What shall we do? " they all asked.

" If you turn back, you may meet him," said the giant's wife. " I think, after all, that the safest thing is for you to let me hide you in the house."

So the woman let them come into the

house, and gave them some hot broth and crackers, which they enjoyed very much. Then she hid them in a large closet and left them.

The poor children were so frightened that they dared not move. They were even afraid to breathe naturally, for they did not know how acute the giant's sense of hearing was.

At last they heard a great stamping and roaring and then a great voice thundered, "Take off my seven-league boots. I have walked far to-day."

Hop O' My Thumb peeped out through a crack in the door and saw the giant sitting in a huge chair. His seven-league boots were beside him and his wife had gone out to prepare his supper.

"If I only had those seven-league boots,"

said Hop O' My Thumb to himself, "I could get home in a minute."

By and by the hot fire made the giant very sleepy. Hop O' My Thumb waited until he was snoring so loudly that it shook the house, then he whispered to his brothers, "Creep out very quietly so you will not awaken the giant. I will follow you and get the seven-league boots."

Out from the closet crept the boys, through the door and on into the forest. Hop O' My Thumb seized the boots and followed his brothers. He found it very hard to travel with the boots in his hands, for they were very heavy. But he dared not stop to put them on until he was some distance from the giant's house.

When they were a safe distance away, Hop O' My Thumb put on the boots, and a step or

two brought him home. He waited outside for his brothers and they all went in together.

The mother and father were very happy indeed to see them, for the house seemed very quiet without the children.

When Hop O' My Thumb showed the boots to his father and mother, they said, "But what use will they be to you, my son?"

"Oh," replied Hop O' My Thumb, "I can now be the king's messenger."

The next day he went to the king's palace and the king was so delighted with the speed with which Hop O' My Thumb could deliver his messages that he gave him much gold for his services and Hop O' My Thumb, his mother, father, and his six brothers never knew want again.

Hop O' My Thumb

What Happened Then

ALTHOUGH the king made it possible by his gifts of gold for Hop O' My Thumb's family to live in comfort, still the mother said, "We never know what may happen, and as I have once known the sorrows of poverty, I prefer to have some means by which I can always earn a livelihood. I shall keep a few bees, and if I am ever in need, I can always have an income from the honey which they produce."

Hop O' My Thumb often visited his home, and his frequent visits were great holidays for the family, for he always told pleasing stories of the happenings at the king's palace.

One day when he came for his usual visit,

his mother noticed that he had but little to say and that he sat alone thinking, which was very unusual for him. At last, much to the family's surprise, he left them abruptly and went out and sat among the bees. He played with them in an aimless fashion, letting some crawl on his hands and some on his face while he talked to them intimately as if they could understand.

"I wish I were a bee," said Hop O' My Thumb, touching the wings of the bee lightly with his lips, "then I would not be in all this trouble."

He felt that he must talk to some one, and as the bees seemed much safer than people, he said, "You see, little bee, the king has a beautiful daughter, whom I love very dearly, but I am only the king's messenger and I cannot hope to win her."

"Yes, you can! Yes, you can!" buzzed the bee.

Much puzzled by the bee's reply, Hop O' My Thumb asked, "How can I?"

"Go through the gate and over the long hill by the graveyard. Keep on until you come to a narrow river over which there is a bridge with one loose board. Sit on that loose board until a horseman comes riding towards you. When you see him coming, stand up and wait for him to speak. I need not tell you any more now. You will know what to do from that time on."

Hop O' My Thumb got up and prepared to go.

"Wait!" said the bee. "Put me in your pocket, also the bee that is crawling on the ground at your feet and the bee that is buzzing at the door of the hive."

The boy followed all these directions and started on his way. He went through the gate and over the long hill, past the graveyard and on and on until he came to a narrow river. Over this river there was a bridge with one loose board on which he sat and waited as the bee had directed.

Soon the sun began to go down in the west and daylight was fast disappearing. Just as the first stars were coming out in the sky, Hop O' My Thumb heard the clatter of hoofs on the hard road. Soon he saw a man approaching, seated on a large white horse. The boy stood up and waited for him to speak. The horseman stopped several feet away from the lad and said in an angry tone:

"Why do you stand in my way and retard me in my journey? Do you not know that my errand is a very important one?"

Hop O' My Thumb made a low bow and said, "I did it to save your life, my dear sir. Had you gone over the bridge at the pace you were riding, your horse would have been crippled and you would have been killed, for there is a loose plank in the bridge."

On hearing this, the horseman's manner changed completely and, coming up close to Hop O' My Thumb, he put his hands on the boy's shoulders and said, "Perhaps you would like to go with me and help me, for I shall doubtless need help."

"Where are you going; and what is the task with which I am to help?" asked the boy.

Then the horseman told him that he was on his way to the king's palace. The king had three great grievances, and to the person who could remove the cause of these griev-

ances should be granted the dearest wish of his heart.

"My dearest wish," said the man, "is to win the princess, and this will, of course, entitle me to half of the kingdom. If you will come with me and help me, I will give you as much money as you can carry, for I am sure to win."

"And what are the king's grievances?" asked Hop O' My Thumb.

"That," said the man, "we cannot know until we reach the palace."

So Hop O' My Thumb got up on the white horse behind the horseman and rode on to the king's palace. They rode all that night and all the next day, and just as the sun was setting, they came to the first gateway of the king's palace. Here they were met by a guard who inquired their business.

"I have come," said the horseman, "to learn of the king's grievances and to remove the cause of them and thus gain the dearest wish of my heart."

"At the next gate," said the guard, "you will learn of the king's grievances."

So they passed on through the first gate and rode up to the second. Here they were met by a guard who inquired their business.

"I wish to know what the king's three grievances are," said the horseman.

"They are three very serious grievances," said the guard, "and there are only three more days in which they may be corrected.

"The king's country is to be taken from him by a rival king unless he can show himself more clever than his rival. The rival king has made a small house which contains fifty rooms. Every room is separate and dis-

tinct, yet the whole house can be placed in one of the large rooms of the palace. The king desires to construct a small house with one hundred rooms which can be placed in even a smaller space."

"That ought to be possible," said the horseman. "Of what material is the house to be made?"

"It does not matter," said the guard, "provided it fulfills the other conditions.

"The second of the king's grievances is less simple than the first. The king is a man who uses all of his time to advantage. There is in his kingdom a counsellor who bores the king with his long visits. He wishes this counsellor's visits to be less frequent and shorter.

"The third grievance is this: The king has on his face a small mark which cannot be cured unless a very fine lance is stuck into it

so that no blood will come, but the center of the mark must be reached. There is no lance fine enough for this, which fact makes the king very sad."

The horseman looked puzzled when he heard all this, but said that even though the task seemed difficult, he would try to rid the king of these grievances, and he started to ride on through the gate.

"But stay!" said the guard. "Should you try and fail, you will be banished from the land and never allowed to return."

"Be it so," said the horseman. "I shall not fail. I have come to win."

Hop O' My Thumb believed thoroughly in the horseman's power to win, for such self-confidence must be rewarded with success.

On and on they rode, through beautiful avenues, shaded with luxuriant trees, and bor-

dered with beautiful flowers, and at last they reached the palace. Here they were admitted to the king's presence.

The king appeared very blue and disconsolate, for he had only a few minutes before banished from his kingdom the nine hundred and ninety-ninth unsuccessful candidate, and he was beginning to lose faith in ever being able to find one who could succeed.

He offered but little encouragement to the horseman, but gave him comfortable quarters while he was on trial and cautioned him that there were only three days left in which to accomplish the purpose of his visit.

By the time he left the king's presence, the horseman had lost some of his self-confidence. But he went to work at once to study out some way by which he might succeed.

Hop O' My Thumb watched him closely as he worked away on a small lump of plastic clay. From this the horseman had hoped to be able to make a house of a hundred rooms, so small that it could be placed in one of the smallest rooms of the castle. But as the third day was dawning, he gave up in despair and said to Hop O' My Thumb: "Come on, comrade; we might just as well leave here of our own accord, for these three demands are impossible."

"No," said Hop O' My Thumb, "I am the king's messenger. I cannot leave. Besides, I have determined to make a trial myself."

"Do just as you please," said the horseman, whose patience had become threadbare with close work. "I am going to leave now."

So, leaping to his horse, he rode up to the

guard and announced that he was quite ready to leave the kingdom. The task imposed was an impossible one.

When the horseman had gone, Hop O' My Thumb took the three bees from his pocket. They were much cramped from their long stay in such a small space, and flew around the room several times before they settled on the boy's hand.

"Try! Try! Try!" they buzzed.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Hop O' My Thumb. "Why, I don't even know how to begin."

"We will help! We will help!" they buzzed.

"There are three very hard things to be done," said the boy.

"I will build the house of a hundred rooms," said the first bee.

"I will get rid of the king's counsellor," said the second bee.

"I will furnish the lance with which to pierce the mark on the king's face," said the third bee.

"You have only this one day in which to work," said the boy, "for this evening when the sun goes down, my time is up."

"Put us out of the window and see what we will do," they all buzzed.

So Hop O' My Thumb opened the window and away flew the bees. The first went straight to the garden and buzzed from flower to flower. Then he flew to the king's beehive and held a long buzzing conversation with the bees there.

Soon they were all as busy as busy could be, and before sundown they had made one of the most beautiful honeycomb houses you

ever saw. In it were one hundred rooms and on top of it was a slanting roof, decorated with dormer windows. It was so small that it could be placed on the king's table with ease.

As the day wore on Hop O' My Thumb grew impatient. The sun was not far from the western horizon when he began to pace up and down the room and wonder what he should do.

A short while before sundown he heard a buzzing which attracted his attention. On opening the window, he found the first bee.

"Come to the garden of lilies," buzzed the bee. "There you will find your house. Take it and present it to the king. Then the other bees will show you what they can do."

The boy was much pleased when he saw the beautiful honeycomb house and he made

haste to take it to the king. The troublesome counsellor was with the king, and His Majesty was not in the best humor. But when he saw the honeycomb house and realized that the cause of the first of his great grievances was removed, a part of his good-nature was restored.

"Now," said Hop O' My Thumb, "I am ready to rid you of your second grievance."

Just then the second bee flew in through the open window. It flew straight to the boy, who took it and said to the counsellor, "Whenever you come into the king's presence you shall be tormented by this," and he put the bee down the counsellor's back.

The man lost no time in getting out of the room, I can tell you. At this the king laughed heartily and it was easy to see that he thought the boy was very clever, indeed.

"Now," said Hop O' My Thumb, "I have a little brown doctor who will lance the mark on your face. Just close your eyes and all will be over in a second."

The king closed his eyes, and in through the window came the third bee. It lit on the king's face and pierced the mark with its sting.

When the king had consulted his mirror and found that his face was now as it should be, he demanded of Hop O' My Thumb what his dearest wish was.

"My dearest wish," said Hop O' My Thumb, "is to have your daughter for my wife."

"Your wish shall be granted," said the king.

So the princess and Hop O' My Thumb were married and they lived happily ever after.

XIV

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

What Had Already Happened

ONCE upon a time there were three Billy Goats named Gruff. The oldest was very large, so he was called Great Billy Goat Gruff; the next was just middle-sized, so he was called Middle Billy Goat Gruff; the youngest was very small so he was called Little Billy Goat Gruff.

These three goats lived on the north side of a long bridge. On the south side of the bridge there was a hill on which the grass was very green and tender.

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Goats, as you doubtless know, are very fond of grass, and these goats wanted very much to go over the bridge and feed on the green hillside, but under the bridge there lived a troll who had been sent by the troll family to guard the bridge.

At last the goats said they would brave the troll and go over the bridge and get the grass they so much desired, for they wanted to eat and get fat.

First of all came Little Billy Goat Gruff. Trip-trap! Trip-trap! sounded his little hoofs on the bridge.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It is I, Little Billy Goat Gruff. I am going over to the hillside to eat grass and make myself fat," the goat called back in a weak voice.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.—*Page 236.*

"Well, I'm coming to gobble you up, Little Billy Goat Gruff," shouted the troll.

"Oh, no, I beg of you do not take me. I am too little. I would not make a meal. Just wait until Great Billy Goat Gruff comes. He is ever so much larger than I am."

"Very well; be off with you then!" said the troll.

So Little Billy Goat Gruff went on across to the hill where the grass grew green and tender.

It was not many minutes before along came Middle Billy Goat Gruff. Trip-trap! Trip-trap! Trip-trap! sounded his hoofs on the bridge.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It is I, Middle Billy Goat Gruff. I am going over on the hill to eat grass and make

myself fat," answered the goat in a middle-sized voice.

"No, you are not," shouted the troll, "for I am coming to eat you."

"Oh, no, do not take me!" called Middle Billy Goat Gruff. "If you wait just a few minutes my brother, Great Billy Goat Gruff, will be along and you can eat him. He is ever so much larger and fatter than I am."

"Very well; get off the bridge and make room for him," said the troll.

So Middle Billy Goat Gruff went on across to the hill where the grass grew green and tender.

Just then along came Great Billy Goat Gruff. Trip-trap! Trip-trap! Trip-trap! sounded his big hoofs on the bridge. The noise made the troll smack his lips, for he could picture in his mind just what a good

dinner a goat who could make so much noise would make.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It is I, Great Billy Goat Gruff," answered the goat in a great deep voice. "I am going over on the hill to eat grass and make myself fat."

"No, you are not," roared the troll, "for I am coming to eat you."

"Very well, come along!" said Great Billy Goat Gruff.

So up came the troll. Great Billy Goat Gruff planted his feet firmly on the floor of the bridge and lowered his head. When the troll came near, he rushed towards him. Then such a tussle as they had! First on this side of the bridge and then on that. Then Great Billy Goat Gruff caught the troll

on his horns and tossed him so high that he broke all to pieces when he hit the earth.

Then Great Billy Goat Gruff went on across to the hill where the grass grew green and tender.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

What Happened Then

YES, after that the goats went over the bridge and ate grass every day, but their troubles with the trolls were not over.

It was some time before the troll family knew that the bridge was not guarded. They were in the habit of sending over a messenger every once in a while to see how the bridge troll was getting along.

One day the messenger returned saying

that the bridge troll could not be found. He had searched and searched, but the troll was not anywhere around.

"Did everything around the bridge look just as it did the last time you were there?" asked the mother troll.

"Yes," replied the troll messenger, "everything seemed just as it had been, except I saw some queer weeds growing a short distance from the bridge. I do not remember having seen them before. All of the weeds had queer blossoms and each blossom had a droll face like that of the bridge troll."

"Did you say anything to them?" asked the mother troll.

"Yes," replied the troll messenger, "I said, 'What are you doing here?' and as they scraped together in the wind, they seemed to say: 'Gruff! Gruff! Gruff!'"

"They were trying to tell you something," said the mother troll. "Go back and do not return until you find out what they say."

It was a very doleful troll messenger who took his place near the queer weeds. How was he to find out anything? There was no one to ask, and it really looked as if he stood very little chance of returning again to his comrades and the country he loved so much. Besides it was cold under the bridge, and the wind, which was now rising, made the troll shiver.

Hark! What was that? The wind blowing through the troll weeds caused them to make such peculiar sounds, "Gruff! Gruff! Gruff! Gruff did it! Go over the bridge every day!"

"And who can Gruff be?" said the troll to himself. "I'll have to watch and find out."

Just then a happy, light-hearted girl tripped over the bridge. "Her name cannot be Gruff," said the troll, "so I will not question her."

Then a stern-looking man came walking across. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes and the troll felt sure that this must be the one the troll weeds meant. So he jumped up on the bridge and stood in front of the astonished man.

"Is your name Gruff?" he asked.

How angry the man was! "No!" he shouted, and with that he pushed the troll off the bridge just as if he felt that he had been insulted.

The troll had scarcely recovered from his fright when two dogs came running across the bridge. One dog had a bone which the other, growling roughly, seemed to covet.

"I have the right party now," said the troll, and in a second he was standing before the covetous dog.

"Is your name Gruff?" he enquired.

The only answer he got was a snap from the cross dog, which the troll knew meant "No."

"I certainly am making poor progress," said the troll, "but I must find Gruff."

By and by a crow lighted on the bridge and cried, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

The troll thought he had never heard such a grating sound. "She certainly has a gruff voice," he said. And in a minute he was bowing before the crow and asking, "Is your name Gruff?" But the next minute he was rubbing his eyes, for the crow seemed insulted by his question and used the only weapon she could find handy.

The troll was almost crying with the pain the crow had caused by its sharp bill, when he heard such a noise on the bridge above him. "Trip-trap! Trip-trap! Trip-trap!" it sounded.

Up jumped the troll, and there he stood in front of Great Billy Goat Gruff, Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and Little Billy Goat Gruff. They looked him so steadily in the eye that he was afraid to ask his question, and was just about to turn away and leave the bridge when Great Billy Goat Gruff said, "We are the Gruff family. I am Great Billy Goat Gruff. This is Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and this is Little Billy Goat Gruff. We live on the north side of the bridge, but we go across to the south side every day to eat grass. Now if that is all you wish to know, please let us by, for we are already late, and the grass is never quite so

good and sweet when the sun shines hot upon it as it is in the early morning."

The troll weeds sang louder than ever, "Gruff! Gruff! Gruff! They are the ones! They are the ones!"

But Great Billy Goat Gruff, Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and Little Billy Goat Gruff looked so steadily at the troll messenger that he felt sure the troll weeds changed their tune and sang, "We don't care! Pass them! Pass them!"

So he took a leaf out of the troll pass-book and wrote, "This is to certify that Great Billy Goat Gruff, Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and Little Billy Goat Gruff may pass over the bridge any hour of the night or the day."

The goats thought that the paper had some charm about it, for they were never again troubled when they passed over the bridge.

But the real truth of the matter was that the troll messenger went back to troll land with such a wonderful story about the peaceful family of Gruffs that the troll mother sent for the troll weeds to return and she never sent another troll to guard the bridge. Great Billy Goat Gruff, Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and Little Billy Goat Gruff went over every day to eat grass and were never troubled again.

XV

Cinderella

What Had Already Happened

THERE was once a man and a woman who lived with their one little child in a beautiful home. One night the mother dreamed that an old woman came to her and said, "You think far too much of this child of yours, and if you do not cease idolizing her so much, she will be taken from you. You will soon be given two other daughters. I would advise you to give them the preference in everything and make this daughter serve them."

This worried the mother very much and when, in the course of time, little twin girls

were born to her, she believed more than ever in the woman's words. So the oldest daughter was made to serve her two younger sisters who often treated her unkindly whenever the mother's back was turned. The poor child was glad to get out of sight, and usually sat among the ashes and cinders of the hearth. This is why her sisters gave her the name of Cinderella or the cinder-maid.

One night the king's son gave a ball to which he invited all the fine ladies of the land. Of course Cinderella's two sisters went and the cinder-maid had to work very hard to get all their fine clothes ready, for their laces must be cleaned and their jewelry made to shine.

As Cinderella cleaned the pretty jewels, she breathed long sighs, for she would have liked very much to wear such jewels herself.

"Why are you sighing?" asked one of the sisters. "Would you like to go to the ball?"

"Indeed I would," said Cinderella.

Then the two girls laughed and teased her, saying, "And how do you think the prince would feel to see a cinder-maid at his ball?"

At last everything was ready and the two sisters got into their coach and rode off. Cinderella watched them until they were out of sight, and then she sat down by the kitchen fire and began to weep.

All at once there was a bright light in the kitchen and her fairy godmother appeared. "My dear child, why are you crying?" she asked.

"Oh, I am so tired of living here in the cinders and serving my sisters always," sobbed Cinderella. "I want to go to the ball."

"If you will be a good girl, you shall go," said the fairy godmother. "Run out into the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella ran quickly to the garden and brought back a pumpkin which was so large that she could scarcely carry it.

The fairy godmother removed all the inside of the pumpkin and then touched it with her wand. Instantly it became a splendid golden coach.

"Now look in the mouse-trap in the pantry and you will find six mice. Bring the trap and the mice to me."

Cinderella soon returned with the mouse-trap containing six sleek mice. The fairy godmother opened the door and as the mice ran out, she touched each with her wand and it became a prancing, gray horse.

"Now bring me the rat-trap," said the fairy godmother.

Cinderella wondered what the fairy godmother was going to do with large rats such as she found in the trap. But she did not wonder long, for when she returned with the trap, which contained three large rats, the fairy godmother selected the largest and made him into a coachman; the others she let go.

"Now," said the fairy godmother, "look in the garden behind the water-pot and you will find six lizards. Bring them to me."

These were no sooner brought than, by a touch of the wand, they were turned into six footmen, who jumped up behind the coach as if they had done nothing else all their days.

Then the fairy touched the ragged dress which Cinderella wore, and in the twinkling of an eye it was changed into a dress of gold

and silver tissue. On her feet were stockings of the finest silk and a pair of beautiful glass slippers.

"Now," said the fairy godmother, "you can go to the ball, but remember you must not stay a moment after midnight. If you do, your coach will instantly change into a pumpkin, your horses will be mice, your coachman a rat, and your footman lizards, and you will again be clad in rags."

Cinderella, promising to return before midnight, drove away in the finest of spirits. The moment she appeared in the dancing-hall all eyes were turned towards her. Such a beautiful princess had never been seen in the king's palace before. The prince was charmed with her and danced with her whenever she would let him.

Cinderella graciously sat down beside her

sisters and talked with them. They were very proud to receive attention from the beautiful stranger, for they never dreamed who she really was.

When the clock struck a quarter of twelve, Cinderella went to the king and queen and bade them good-night The queen made her promise to attend the ball the next night. Then the prince led her down the steps to her coach and her coachman drove off.

When she reached home she found her fairy godmother waiting for her. One touch of the wand made her a cinder-maid again, and when her sisters returned she questioned them about the ball.

"Oh, we had a delightful time. There was a beautiful princess there and the prince danced with her all the evening," said one of the sisters.

"Tell me how the princess looked," begged Cinderella.

"All I can say," said the second sister, "is that she is the most beautiful princess I have ever seen."

The next night the sisters again went to the court ball. After they had gone, the fairy godmother came as before and prepared Cinderella for the ball.

"Don't forget," she cautioned as the coach drove away, "that you must return at twelve o'clock."

This night Cinderella was dressed much more handsomely than on the night before. She wore the same small glass slippers, however. When she arrived, the prince was all attention and he did not leave her side the whole evening, but danced and talked with her until the other ladies were quite envious.

Cinderella was so charmed with the attentions of the prince that she did not hear the clock strike half-past eleven. Then the clock struck a quarter of twelve, but still Cinderella sat by the prince.

When the great clock struck the first stroke of twelve, Cinderella sprang up in fright. She did not stop to bid the king and the queen good-night, but hastened from the room and down the stairs so swiftly that the prince could not follow her. In her haste she dropped one of the glass slippers, which the prince picked up.

Just as the last stroke of twelve died away, Cinderella reached her coach, but at that moment the coach disappeared and in its place a battered pumpkin lay on the street.

The prince could not find his lovely princess. When he reached the porch he saw six

mice and a large rat scampering away and six lizards crawling on the ground. He also saw a ragged maiden running down the street, but his beautiful princess was not in sight.

When the sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if the beautiful princess had attended the ball that night.

"Yes," they said, "she came but left so quickly that she dropped one of her glass slippers. The prince is going to send a messenger to find the lady who can wear the slipper and who possesses the mate to it. He vows he will marry the lady when he finds her."

The next day the messenger started out on his errand, but his quest was vain. So the prince started out to try, and finally he reached Cinderella's home.

Each of the twin sisters tried with all of their might to put on the tiny glass slipper, but their efforts were of no avail.

"May I try?" asked Cinderella, timidly.

The sisters laughed loudly at this request, but the prince said, "Certainly you may. I am determined to allow every lady to try on this slipper."

All were surprised to see how neatly the little slipper fitted Cinderella, but they were still more surprised when she put her hand in her pocket and drew out its mate.

Now, the fairy godmother had been standing by unseen all this time, and as Cinderella drew out the mate to the glass slipper she touched her with her wand and she was dressed as on the last night of the ball.

The sisters were very much grieved to think how shamefully they had treated her,

and begged her to forgive them. The prince bowed to her and took her away to be his wife, and Cinderella and the prince lived happily ever after.

Cinderella

What Happened Then

Now, in the course of time after the prince and Cinderella were married a little girl was born to them.

She was a beautiful baby and Cinderella felt sure that there was never such a wonderful little princess in all the kingdoms of the world, but despite this fact, she realized that the child needed the rare gifts which the good fairies bestow in order that she might

grow into the perfect woman her mother so much desired her to be.

So when the little princess was six years old, the prince and Cinderella, who were now the king and queen of the country, gave her a wonderful birthday party.

As the princess's birthday came in April when all the world was putting on a fresh coat of green, they decided to have the party out in the palace park.

There were many, many guests invited, and among them were six good fairies. Cinderella knew that these fairies would bestow on her little daughter wonderful gifts which would add to her charms and to her already amiable disposition.

How eautiful the palace park looked that day! The trunks of all the trees were wreathed in roses. The grass looked like a

soft velvet carpet, and all the people assembled were happy and light-hearted.

When almost all the guests were assembled, they were surprised by a bright light which flashed over the palace. They looked to see what caused it and when they turned back, the five fairies had taken their places.

No one heard them come, no one saw them approach, but there they were, bending over the little princess, who sat under a bower of roses.

"We have come to bestow our gifts upon this lovely princess," announced the first fairy.

"But there are only five of you," said Cinderella. "I invited six. Where is the other fairy?"

Then the five fairies looked sad. "This is not a happy day for us," they said, "for one

of our number has forsaken our band. We are no longer six fairies, my good queen, for the fairest of our number has refused to consent to the kind and gracious laws which govern us, and has chosen the paths of evil. We know not why, but she delights now to undo all that we do. But she has only the power of one and we are five, so be not alarmed."

Then to the strains of the most beautiful music the five fairies chanted out the gifts which they bestowed upon the little princess.

One gave her a sweet smile, a smile which worked wonders wherever she went. One gave wonderful skill to her fingers, so that whatever her hands wrought was done in a wonderful fashion. Another gave her grace, which caused even her lightest step to be admired. The fourth fairy touched her tongue

and gave to her the power of the right word at the right time. The fifth sprinkled the dust of humility over her so that all these wonderful gifts would not make her proud.

Just as the fifth fairy bestowed her gift, a large toad jumped out from behind the rose bower under which the little princess was sitting and sprang right into the child's lap. The five good fairies turned pale, for they recognized at once the fairy who had been associated with them so long. It is true that she had changed her form, but they knew her, nevertheless.

The toad lifted a front paw and wagged it maliciously at Cinderella. "You thought you could leave me out and still have all you desired for this child, but you thought wrong. Even though I am no longer a

member of the fairy band, I still have power. The little princess shall keep all these marvelous gifts, but she shall come to grief by the thing you prize most."

Then the toad disappeared and no one saw which way it went. The fairies smiled bravely as they sang a farewell chant.

The queen was greatly troubled, and I am sure that you need not be told that this ended the birthday party.

For many days the queen seemed unable to regain her usual spirits, but as the weeks passed and the little princess grew more beautiful and more lovable each day, Cinderella soon ceased to worry.

The queen could not imagine of what the fairy had spoken when she said : "The little princess shall come to grief by the thing you prize the most." But when a year had

passed and no results of the sixth fairy's gift had been felt, she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Four years passed away and the little princess had seen her tenth birthday when one day during one of the happy hours, which Cinderella and her little daughter often spent together, the child demanded, as children will, "Tell me a story, Mother. Tell me about when you were a young girl."

So Cinderella told the story of the little cinder-maid, and how the fairy godmother had worked such wonders in her life.

Mother," cried the little princess, when the story was ended, "let me see the beautiful glass slippers."

So Cinderella took one of the slippers from the satin box in which it lay, and gave it to the little princess. But no sooner had the

child touched the slipper than it flew into a thousand splinters. The glass flew this way and that way, whirling around like spray from a great wave. Then they settled to the floor. That is, all the glass splinters settled to the floor except one and that flew into the little princess's ear.

"Oh, my glass slipper, the thing I prize so much!" cried the mother.

At the sound of these words the little princess began to cry. It was the first time any one had heard her cry since her sixth birthday. The mother looked at the child in wonder. Then suddenly she realized what had happened. At last the wicked fairy's prophecy had come true. The little princess had come to grief by the thing that her mother prized most. A tiny piece of glass from the slipper had entered the ear of the

princess and hereafter all the sounds the child heard would have a different meaning to her.

When her mother cried, "Oh, my glass slipper, the thing I prize so much!" the small piece of glass in the child's ear gave the words a harsh sound of rebuke. And so it would be from now on, everything she heard would be changed to evil.

The songs of birds now were harsh notes to the princess; kind words sounded cruel; sweet sounds were grating. She might see the beautiful, but she could hear nothing sweet and lovely because of the little splinter of glass in her ear.

How sad the palace was now! No merry laughter of the little princess could be heard, for the things she heard made her sad. Gradually her eyes lost their sparkle and her

voice its happy tone and she was so little like her former self that every one called her the Princess of Tears.

So the years passed on until the Princess of Tears was eighteen. Now that the voices of people jarred upon her, she walked a great deal in the woods. One day while walking in the forest back of the palace, she saw a lizard which had been caught in a snare. The lizard was struggling to be free and when the princess saw it, she felt a great sympathy for the little creature. So, taking the slippery, offensive lizard in her hand, she loosened the snare and set it free. As soon as it was set free, it disappeared and in its place stood a beautiful fairy.

"Thank you, little Princess of Tears," the fairy said. "You have done something that many, many other people have refused to do.

I have been in this snare for two days and during that time many people have passed, but all the others refused to touch me. My imprisonment has taught me that there is no pleasure in wickedness and I determined if I ever got free to cease my rebellion and go back to the fairy band and submit to their kind and gracious laws.

"I changed myself into a lizard in order that I might the more readily harm some one, but your kindness has set me free and now I shall take away from you my wicked gift."

Then, leaning towards the little princess, the fairy touched her ear with her wand and out dropped the glass splinter. Then the princess laughed as she had never laughed for years.

"Oh, hear the birds singing!" she cried.

"Hear the breeze among the boughs of the trees! I am so very happy!"

Then the princess, who was no longer the Princess of Tears, but the Princess of Sunshine, hastened home to tell her mother the good news and the sixth fairy hastened on to fairy-land to join her companions and to submit to the kind and gracious laws of fairy-land.

THE END

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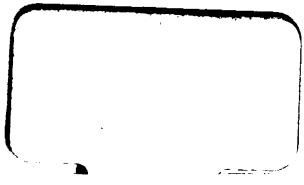
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